No. 118
April '68

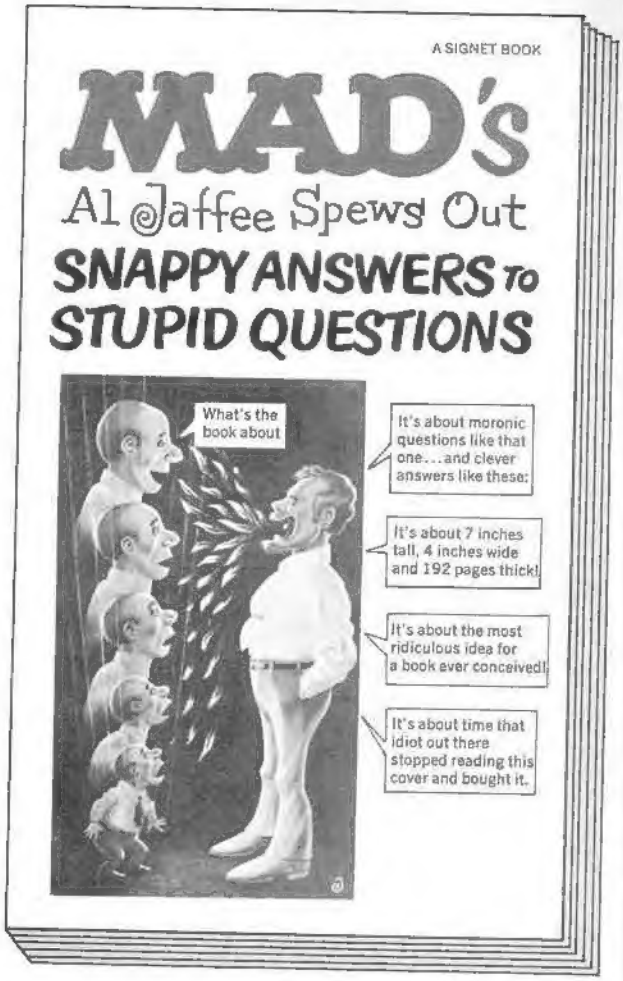
MAD

Our Price
30c
CHEAP

WE'RE MAKING AN EXCITING COMEBACK!

IN FACT, WE'RE MAKING A WHOLE BOOK OF THEM — AS —

MAD'S Al Jaffee SPEWS OUT "Snappy Answers To Stupid Questions"



ON SALE AT YOUR FAVORITE BOOKSTAND — OR YOURS BY MAIL

---------- use coupon or duplicate ----------

MAD

485 MADison Avenue
New York, N.Y.
10022

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ Zip-Code _____
ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY!

PLEASE SEND ME:

MAD's Snappy Answers To Stupid Questions

☐

We cannot be responsible for cash lost or stolen in the Mails. Check or Money Order preferred!

On orders outside the U.S.A. be sure to add 10% extra. Allow at least six weeks for delivery.

ALSO PLEASE SEND ME THE BOOKS CHECKED BELOW:

- ☐ The MAD Reader
- ☐ MAD Strikes Back
- ☐ Inside MAD
- ☐ Utterly MAD
- ☐ The Brothers MAD
- ☐ The Bedside MAD
- ☐ Son of MAD
- ☐ The Organization MAD
- ☐ Like MAD
- ☐ The Ides of MAD
- ☐ Fighting MAD
- ☐ The MAD Frontier
- ☐ MAD in Orbit
- ☐ The Voodoo MAD
- ☐ Greasy MAD Stuff
- ☐ Three Ring MAD
- ☐ Self-Made MAD
- ☐ The MAD Sampler
- ☐ World, World, etc. MAD
- ☐ Raving MAD
- ☐ Boiling MAD
- ☐ Questionable MAD
- ☐ Howling MAD
- ☐ DON MARTIN Steps Out
- ☐ DON MARTIN Bounces Back
- ☐ DON MARTIN Drops 13 Stories
- ☐ MAD's Captain Klutz
- ☐ DAVE BERG Looks At The U.S.A.
- ☐ DAVE BERG Looks At People
- ☐ DAVE BERG Looks At Things
- ☐ The All-New SPY vs. SPY
- ☐ A MAD Look at Old Movies

I ENCLOSE 50c FOR EACH

Plus 25c Postage & Packaging on all orders under $2.00

NUMBER 118 APRIL 1968

MAD

"Live within your income and you'll live without worry —and other things."—Alfred E. Neuman

WILLIAM M. GAINES *publisher* ALBERT B. FELDSTEIN *editor*

JOHN PUTNAM *art director* LEONARD BRENNER *production*
JERRY De FUCCIO, NICK MEGLIN *associate editors*
JACK ALBERT *lawsuits*
GLORIA ORLANDO, CELIA MORELLI, JOAN ZECCA,
CURTIS ANDERSON, IVAN LODICHAND *subscriptions*
CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS
the usual gang of idiots

DEPARTMENTS

BELLE, BOOK AND VANDALS DEPARTMENT
In The Out Exit 4
BERG'S-EYE-VIEW DEPARTMENT
The Lighter Side Of Fear 20
CITY'S LIMIT DEPARTMENT
The Advantages Of The Suburbs For Kids 34
DON MARTIN DEPARTMENT
Don Martin Looks At Frogs 14
The New Back-Scratcher 48
HEART-BURNS DEPARTMENT
MAD Valentines To Celebrities 24
JOKE AND DAGGER DEPARTMENT
Spy vs. Spy 37
LETTERS DEPARTMENT
Random Samplings Of Reader Mail 2
MARGINAL THINKING DEPARTMENT
Drawn-Out Dramas by Sergio Aragones ..... **
PASSING THE BUCK DEPARTMENT
Pro Football 11
PUT YOUR FUNNY WHERE YOUR MOUTH IS DEPARTMENT
MAD's Snappy Answers To Stupid Questions 38
THE FAULT IS IN OUR STARS DEPARTMENT
TV Shows . . . Recast 18
TO SCHEME THE IMPOSSIBLE SCHEME DEPARTMENT
Mission Ridiculous 27
TURN ON, TUNE IN, DROP DEAD DEPARTMENT
Hippie Magazine 41

**Various Places Around The Magazine

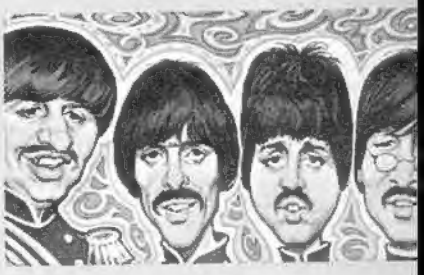
MAD—April 1968 Vol. 1, No. 118 is published monthly except February, May, August and November, by E. C. Publications, Inc., 485 MADison Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10022. Second Class Postage paid at New York, N. Y. Subscriptions: In the U.S.A., 19 issues $5.00. Outside U.S.A., 19 issues $6.25. Allow 10 weeks for change of address to become effective. Entire contents copyright © 1968 by E. C. Publications, Inc. The Publisher and Editors will not be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts and request all manuscripts be accompanied by a stamped self-addressed return envelope. The names of characters used in all **MAD** fiction and semi-fiction are fictitious. A similarity without satiric purpose to a living person is a coincidence. Printed in U.S.A.

VITAL FEATURES

"IN THE OUT EXIT" (A MAD MOVIE SATIRE) Pg. 4

A MAD LOOK AT PRO FOOTBALL Pg. 11

MAD VALENTINES TO CELEBRITIES Pg. 24

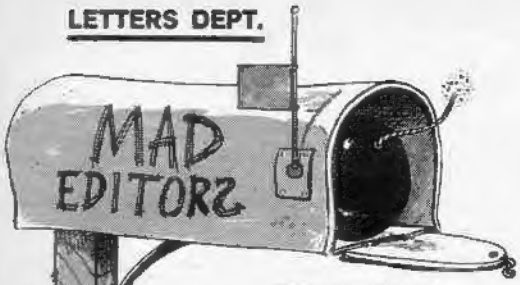


"MISSION RIDICULOUS" (A MAD TV SATIRE) Pg. 27

ADVANTAGES OF THE SUBURBS FOR KIDS Pg. 34

"HIPPIE MAGAZINE" (A MAD SATIRE PUBLICATION) Pg. 41

LETTERS DEPT.



NEW POSTURE?

Until recently, I regarded MAD as a funny but somewhat worthless publication. You seemed to be avoiding the issues of importance . . . which would shock the reading public and result in controversy. However, I happily detect a trend in the last few issues that disproves my theory. No matter what criticism you get for your new posture, and you are sure to get quite a bit, I hope you will continue your crusade and fully play your role in the construction of a better American society.

John Javna
Hackley School
Tarrytown, N. Y.

PROMINENT EDUCATOR?

In a recent mid-term examination in an Education course, I asked my students to identify certain prominent educators. I was distressed when only 27 out of 36 correctly identified Alfred E. Neuman. The nine dummies have been screened out of the Teacher-Education program on the grounds that they probably wouldn't know what the kids were reading behind their history books.

John H. Sandberg
Director, Teacher-Education
Carnegie-Mellon University
Pittsburgh, Pa.

GREAT MOMENTS IN POLITICS

"MAD's Great Moments In Politics" got right to the heart of the matter. I am forwarding a copy to the White House.

Jerry Jacobs
Skokie, Ill.

"MAD's Great Moments in Politics" was something else!

David Roop
Decatur, Ala.

There is a subtle perversion of the conscience in this nation which can allow itself to laugh at "humorous" references to the war in Vietnam. It is this sort of attitude which has degraded the issue to incidental, cocktail-party discussion. Your satire, in this case, eludes me.

Brad Parks
East Lansing, Mich.

Perhaps it is this sort of attitude that Beaumarchais referred to in "The Barber of Seville" when he wrote: "I hasten to laugh at everything for fear of being obliged to weep!"—Ed.

TIMOTHY LEARY'S WALLET

I just finished your article on "Dr. Tim" and thought it was great. I showed it to my fellow band members (We specialize in "trip" music) and they thought it was great, too. Incidentally, the members of my band belong to a movement known as "Happies". Unlike Hippies, Happies believe in "work" as well as fun. Gotta stay alive, y'know!

Lenny Dawson
"The Whistling Rabbis"
Cincinnati, Ohio

"THE DOODLETOWN PIPERS" GO MAD AGAIN

During a break in rehearsals, while appearing with Nancy Wilson at the Sahara Hotel in Las Vegas, "The Doodletown Pipers" staged a "love-in" with MAD. My musical director, George Wilkins, and I find that MAD is the best form of relaxation for the kids during their grueling sixteen-hour days. Other MAD readers can see us on "The Red Skelton Show" (Jan. 9th CBS-TV), with Carl Reiner on "The Fabulous Funnies" (Feb. 11th NBC-TV), and on "The Ed Sullivan Show" (Apr. 28th CBS-TV).

Ward Ellis, Direction & Staging
"The Doodletown Pipers"
Van Nuys, California

The Doodletown Pipers stage a "Love-In" with MAD

MISSION: PREDICTABLE

Apparently some TV series are particularly susceptible to the renowned "MAD Treatment." We enjoy such take-offs immensely, but regard it as a mark of distinction that you've never given our series, "Mission: Impossible", a satirical hosing. Can it be that you've laid off because our writers afford us sensible plots? You might call this inquiry "Mission: Curious" on our parts.

Martin Landau
Barbara Bain
Hollywood, Calif.

No, we've laid off because our writers haven't afforded us inane-enough plots. Until now! See page 27 of this issue!—Ed.

THE JOE NASTY SHOW

I thought your satire, "The Joe Nasty Show", was quite unfair to TV stars like Joe Pyne and Alan Burke who are, in my opinion, lovable fellows. And anyone who disagrees is a dirty Commie!

Jerry Coraz
Indianapolis, Ind.

Thanks for striking a blow against opinionated no-minds.

Wynne Taylor
North Carolina State

"The Joe Nasty Show" was the funniest article you have ever printed. I laughed so hard, my father had to threaten me in order to make me stop.

David Gross
Chicago, Ill.

I would like to commend you on your satire, "The Joe Nasty Show", but I can't. Because I can't stop laughing.

Alan Thompson
West Seneca, N. Y.

Maybe we should introduce you to David Gross's father!—Ed.

"Joe Nasty" is one of your all-time great satires. I sat and laughed over it for an hour and still chuckle when I think of it. These sadistic shows seen on TV are altogether revolting and have long deserved your critical attack. Congratulations!

Kevin Gunn
Lawrence, Kansas

DIRTIER BY THE DOZEN

I consider "The Dirty Dozen" to be about the most sadistic, immoral (ethical, not sexual), and violence-ridden film I have ever seen, and to be utterly without redeeming social value. In making this film, the producers showed not only poor taste and judgment, but also violent anti-Americanism. Our enemies abroad could not possibly have produced a better propaganda tool to show how evil and immoral the U.S. Army and American fighting men are. I am a liberal and believe in criticizing our faults, but this movie went much too far. My congratulations and deepest appreciation to Mort Drucker, Lou Silverstone, and MAD for your wonderful satire.

T. H. Lee
Bakersfield, Calif.

Besides being witty and penetrating in its portrayal of the characters, the art was disturbingly realistic. "Dirtier By The Dozen" was one of the best movie satires I have seen in your wonderful magazine.

Larry Hollar
Rocky Ford, Colo.

"Dirtier By The Dozen" was by far the greatest take-off I have ever read. I was amazed at the talent which Lou Silverstone demonstrated in every panel, and I was flabbergasted by the brilliance displayed by Mort Drucker with each caricature. I hope these two combine forces again in future issues. MAD #116 proved once again that the "usual gang of idiots" are getting more and more idiotic every year.

Marty Aaronson
El Paso, Texas

Another victory in the war against stupidity for MAD!

Curtis Lippe
Philadelphia, Pa.

To parody a film like "The Dirty Dozen" is an extremely difficult task, and your version, "Dirtier By The Dozen", was far from the high standards your satires have maintained. "The Dirty Dozen" was, and never pretended to be anything else but, an action film. You ignored this and attacked the film for its violence and sadism. This was not being fair to a movie that never pretended to be anything else but an action film.

Dale Winogura
Los Angeles, Calif.

That's like saying we shouldn't criticize the actions of a man who never pretends to be anything else but a murderer!—Ed.

"Dirtier By The Dozen" was hilarious! Just one thing—why use all those criminally insane troops in all future military missions? Wouldn't the staff of MAD be sufficient?

Keay Davidson
Toronto, Ont., Can.

Please address all correspondence to:
MAD, Dept. 118, 485 MADison Avenue
New York, New York 10022

FOR JUST A LITTLE FOLDING MONEY

YOU DON'T HAVE TO FISH AROUND AT THE NEWSSTANDS!

Origami by Beggi

Photography by Irving Schild

SUBSCRIBE TO MAD

...and have the next 19 issues mailed directly to your own tank!

use coupon or duplicate

MAD
485 MADison Avenue,
New York, N. Y. 10022

I enclose $5.00*. Enter my name on your subscription list, and mail me the next 19 issues of MAD Magazine.

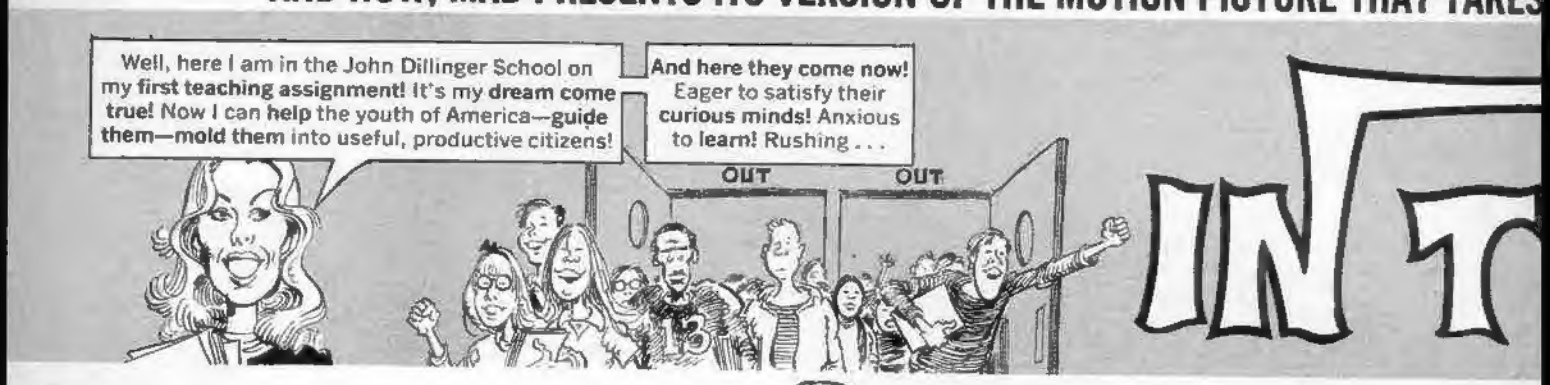
NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____
STATE _____ Zip-Code _____
An Absolute Must!

*In Canada, $5.00 in U.S. Funds, payable by International Money Order or Check drawn on a U.S.A. Bank. Outside the U.S.A. and Canada, $6.25, payable by International Money Order or Check drawn on a U.S.A. Bank. Allow 10 weeks for subscription to be processed. We cannot be responsible for cash lost or stolen in the mails, so CHECK OR MONEY ORDER PREFERRED!

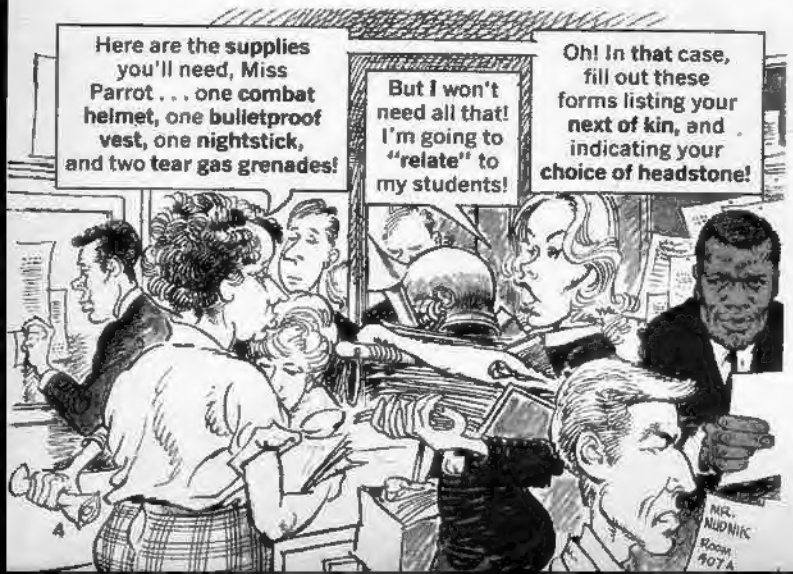
Yes sir, we'd sure like to encourage you to yield to temptation and order these full-color portraits of Alfred E. Neuman, MAD's "What—Me Worry?" kid... suitable for framing or training puppies! Because we'd like to get traffic in the stock room moving again! So mail 25¢ for 1 (or 50¢ for 3; or $1.00 for 9) to: MAD, 485 MADison Avenue, N. Y., N. Y. 10022

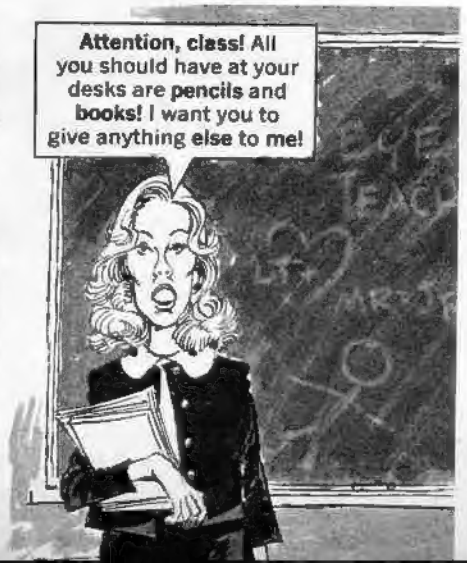
BELLE, BOOK AND VANDALS DEPT.

AND NOW, MAD PRESENTS ITS VERSION OF THE MOTION PICTURE THAT TAKES



ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: STAN HART





ITS TITLE FROM THE OPENING SCENE, WHICH GOES SOMETHING LIKE THIS:

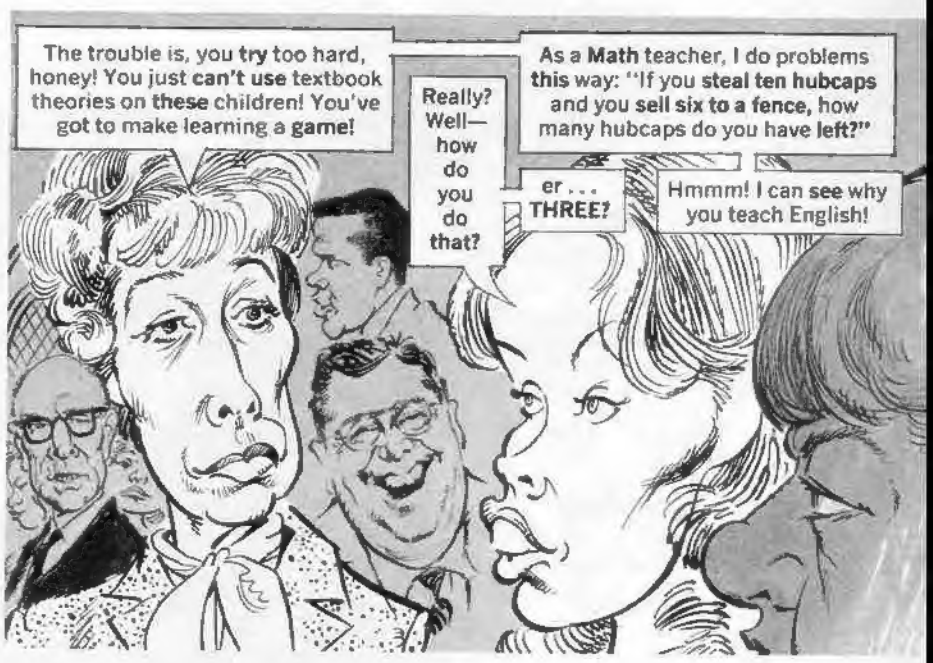
The out exit

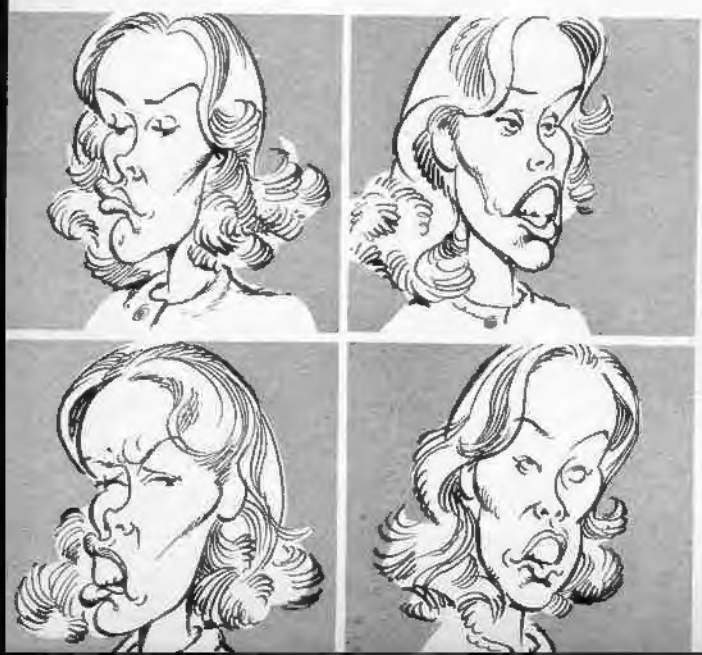
Now, I know we're going to get along just fine, Class! If any of you have a problem, I want you to feel free to discuss it with me! I will be right here at my desk every morning . . .
. . . providing the person who took my desk THIS morning is kind enough to return it to me!

Miss Parrot! This is Joe Marone!
Mr. McHate, why are you slapping him around?
I'm trying to get it through his thick head that we're his friends, and we want to help him!

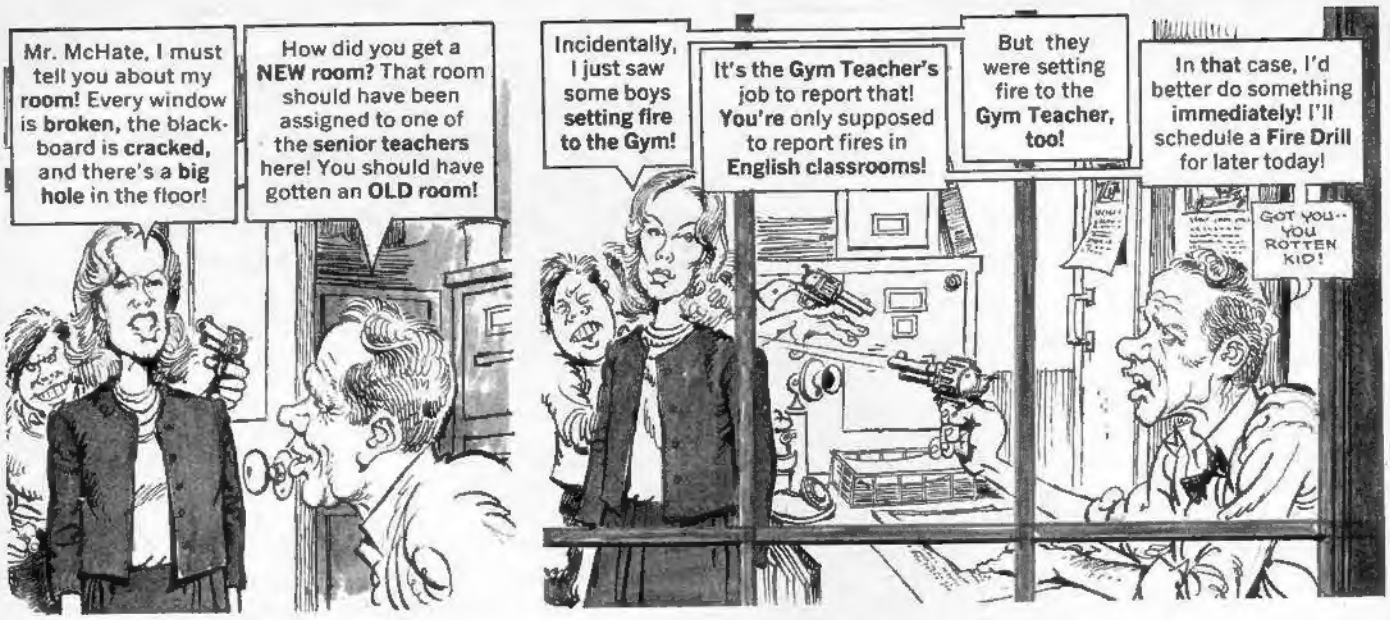
Miss Parrot, on behalf of the brown-nosers of the class, I would just like to say that I think you're a great teacher!
Thank you— but how can you tell?
You're still alive!

Ah—Miss Parrot, the new member of the Foreign Language Dept.!
No, that's wrong! I teach English!
In this school, that's part of the Foreign Language Dept.!
STAFF LUNCH ROOM


The trouble is, you try too hard, honey! You just can't use textbook theories on these children! You've got to make learning a game!
Really? Well— how do you do that?
As a Math teacher, I do problems this way: "If you steal ten hubcaps and you sell six to a fence, how many hubcaps do you have left?"
er . . . THREE?
Hmmm! I can see why you teach English!



Pood kid! Teaching in a place like this is making you nervous, eh?
No! I'm not nervous!
Then why are you twitching?
That's the way I act!
Well, cut it out! It's making ME nervous!

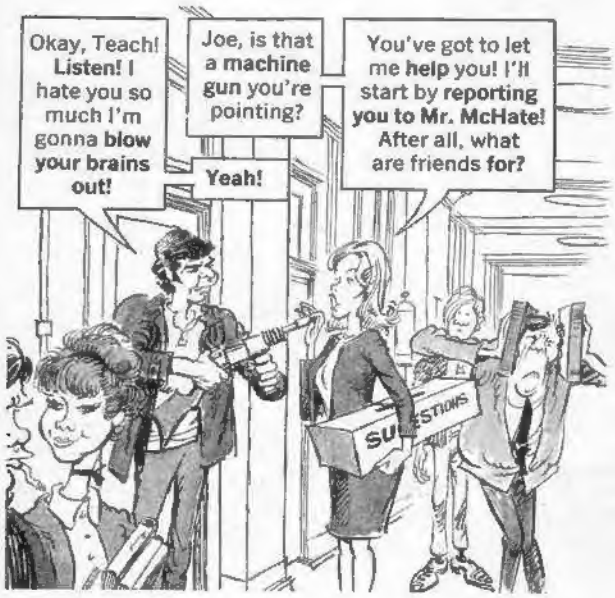

Mr. McHate, I must tell you about my room! Every window is broken, the blackboard is cracked, and there's a big hole in the floor!
How did you get a NEW room? That room should have been assigned to one of the senior teachers here! You should have gotten an OLD room!
Incidentally, I just saw some boys setting fire to the Gym!
It's the Gym Teacher's job to report that! You're only supposed to report fires in English classrooms!
But they were setting fire to the Gym Teacher, too!
In that case, I'd better do something immediately! I'll schedule a Fire Drill for later today!
GOT YOU-- YOU ROTTEN KID!

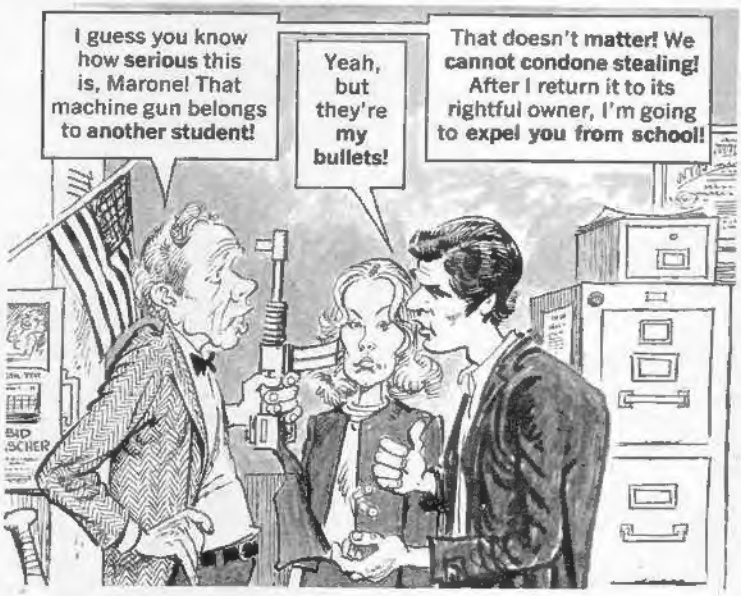
You're new here, aren't you?
Yes, this is my first appointment! Don't you just love teaching?
I don't know! I really never tried it!
I understand that all the girls are in love with you!
That's true! Also one fellow . . . ME!
Actually, I'm an unpublished novelist! I'm writing a book about two friends during the French Revolution, one of whom gives his life to save the other!

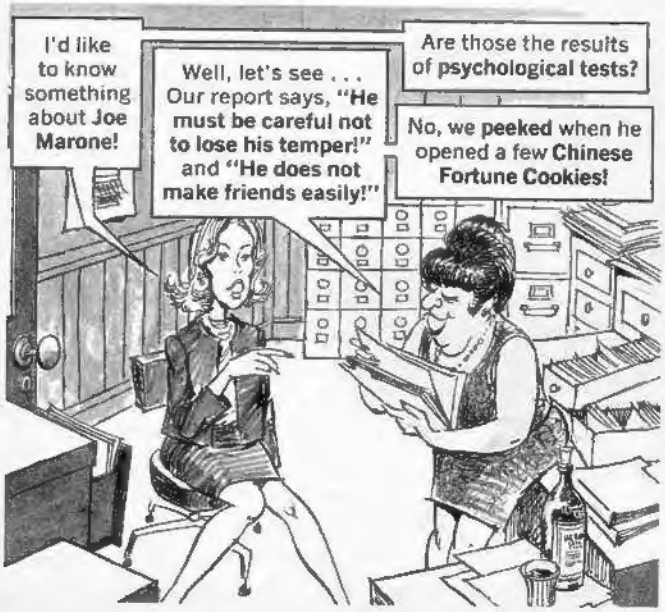
Sounds very much like "A Tale Of Two Cities"!
It's know-it-alls like YOU who keep me unpublished!!
270
Nurse, this girl has a badly bruised eye! Will you treat it, please?
Sorry! I can't! According to regulations, I'm not permitted to touch the pupil!
What about the REST of the eye!
I mean the WHOLE pupil! Not just the eye! I can't even touch the kid's toenail!
E
IF YOU CAN'T READ

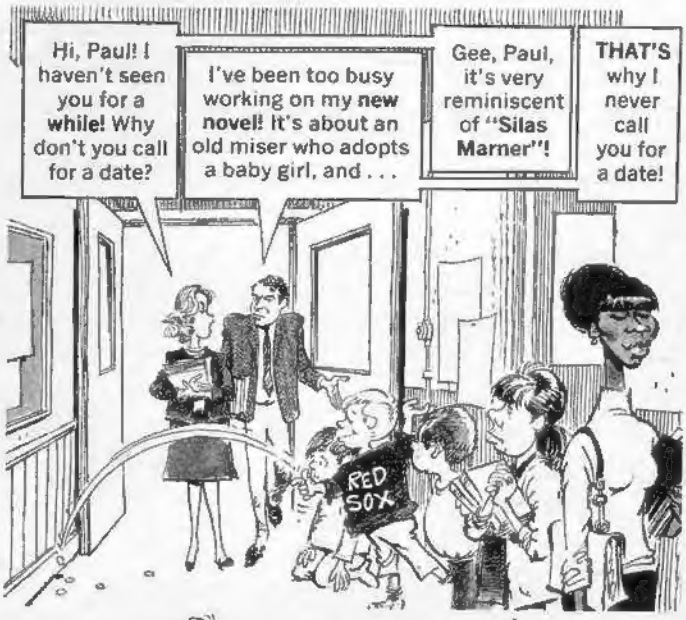
Well, what CAN you do!?
According to regulations, I can only treat students with Bubonic Plague, or Gout, or Illness resulting from floods in Peru!
Can't you at least give her an aspirin?
Was she in Peru lately?
Forget it!
NURSE, THIS FELL OUT OF AL FELDMAN'S HEAD!
FIRST AID

Oh, Joe—Joe! If only I could get through to you!
I hate you!
That's what I mean! If only you could say what's on your mind, instead of being so evasive!


Okay, Teach! Listen! I hate you so much I'm gonna blow your brains out!
Joe, is that a machine gun you're pointing?
Yeah!
You've got to let me help you! I'll start by reporting you to Mr. McHate! After all, what are friends for?
SUGGESTIONS


I guess you know how serious this is, Marone! That machine gun belongs to another student!
Yeah, but they're my bullets!
That doesn't matter! We cannot condone stealing! After I return it to its rightful owner, I'm going to expel you from school!


I'd like to know something about Joe Marone!
Well, let's see . . . Our report says, "He must be careful not to lose his temper!" and "He does not make friends easily!"
Are those the results of psychological tests?
No, we peeked when he opened a few Chinese Fortune Cookies!


Hi, Paul! I haven't seen you for a while! Why don't you call for a date?
I've been too busy working on my new novel! It's about an old miser who adopts a baby girl, and . . .
Gee, Paul, it's very reminiscent of "Silas Marner"!
THAT'S why I never call you for a date!
RED SOX

Gee, I'm so in love with Mr. Deranger—that fiery personality—that devil-may-care attitude—that mis-cast British accent!

Then why don't you write him a note and tell him?

Don't be silly! I'm only a Sophomore! We haven't learned to write yet! But if you help me, I will . . .

Allus, in this note you sent me, you said that I was "the most handsomest man in the English Department." That sentence is incorrect! It should have read "the most handsomest man in the ENTIRE SCHOOL"!

That's the last time I'll ever learn to write!

TO SIR

With Love

Allus—what are you doing!?

I'm committing suicide! Mr. Deranger thinks that I'm nothing more than a stupid child! Well, I'll show him I'm not stupid! Good bye, cruel world!

I guess I AM pretty stupid after all! Jumping from a first-floor window doesn't kill very much! Maybe if I jumped from a higher floor?

Don't bother! You'd probably land on your head and do even LESS damage!

Why not make suicide a game? If a gun has 6 chambers and only 1 bullet—but you pull the trigger 6 times—?

Thank you for coming to Open House! Here at the John Dillinger School, we are dedicated to giving our students something they'll carry with them the rest of their lives!

You succeeded with my son! He's got your twitch!

Well, you know how kids are at that age! They'll steal ANYTHING!

Hi, Teach! Remember me? Joe Marone?

Oh, Joe, why won't you let me reach you! I KNOW I can help you if you'll only let me!

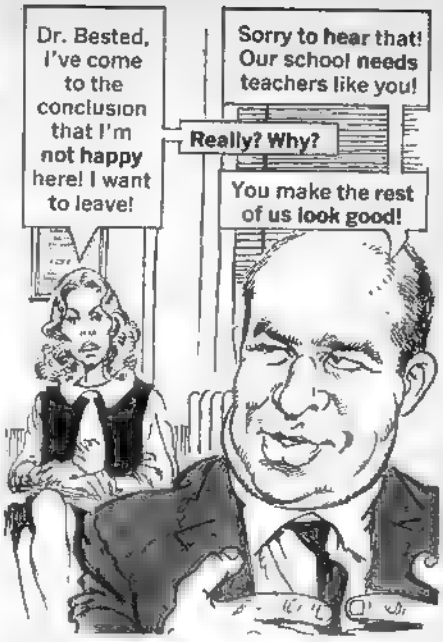
How do you know that?

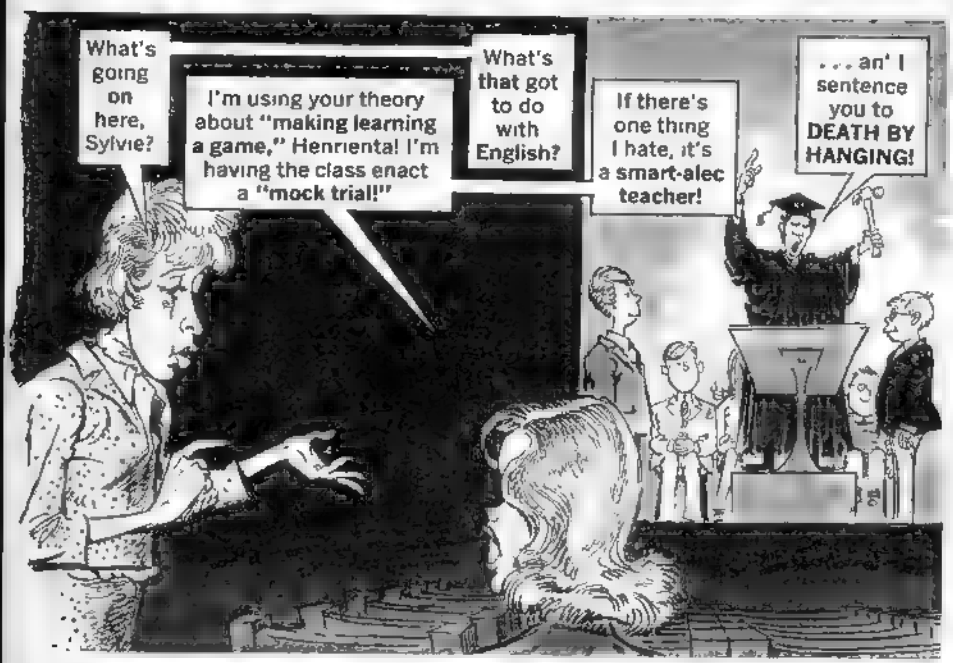
Because I'm much prettier than Sidney Poitier!

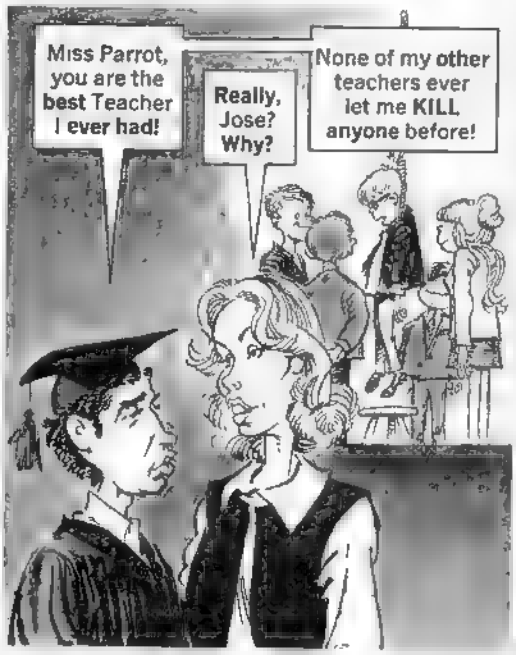
Er . . . you wanna bet?!

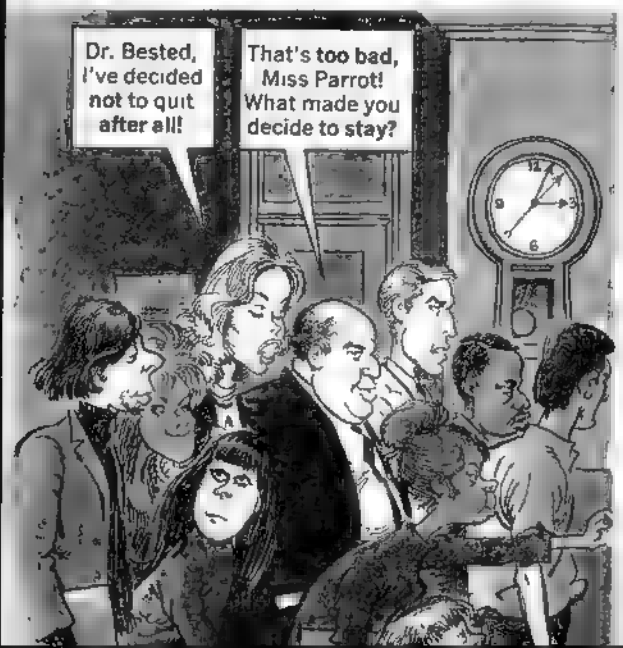
Joe, what are you doing!? Are you trying to kiss me?!
Yeah, but the way your face keeps twitching, I keep missing!

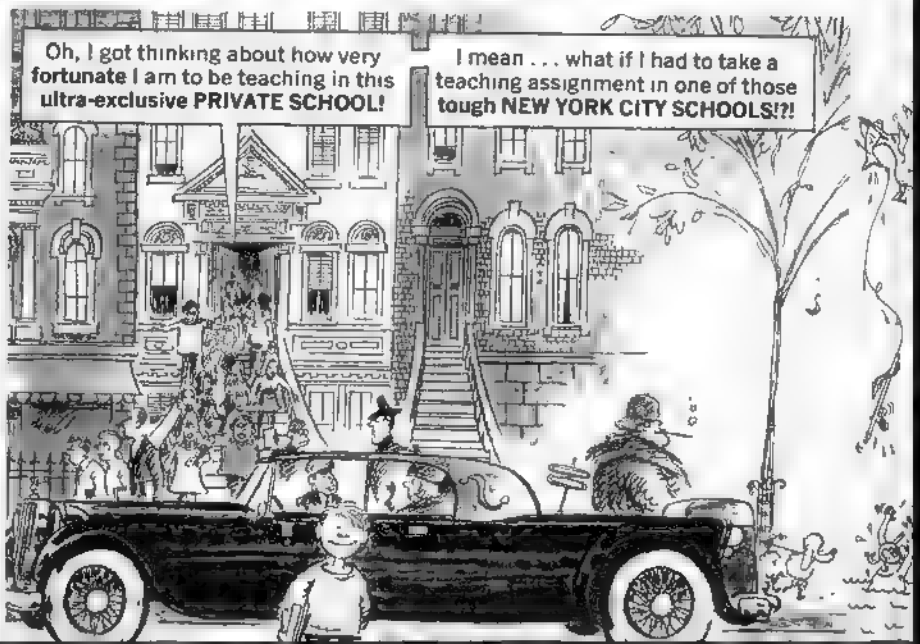
Good-bye, Teach! I'm quitting school and starting a life of crime!
I can't let you go unless you make me a solemn promise!
What's that?
That you'll DO WELL! A teacher wants to be proud of her ex-pupils!


Dr. Bested, I've come to the conclusion that I'm not happy here! I want to leave!
Sorry to hear that! Our school needs teachers like you!
Really? Why?
You make the rest of us look good!


What's going on here, Sylvie?
I'm using your theory about "making learning a game," Henrienta! I'm having the class enact a "mock trial!"
What's that got to do with English?
If there's one thing I hate, it's a smart-alec teacher!
. . . an' I sentence you to DEATH BY HANGING!


Miss Parrot, you are the best Teacher I ever had!
Really, Jose? Why?
None of my other teachers ever let me KILL anyone before!

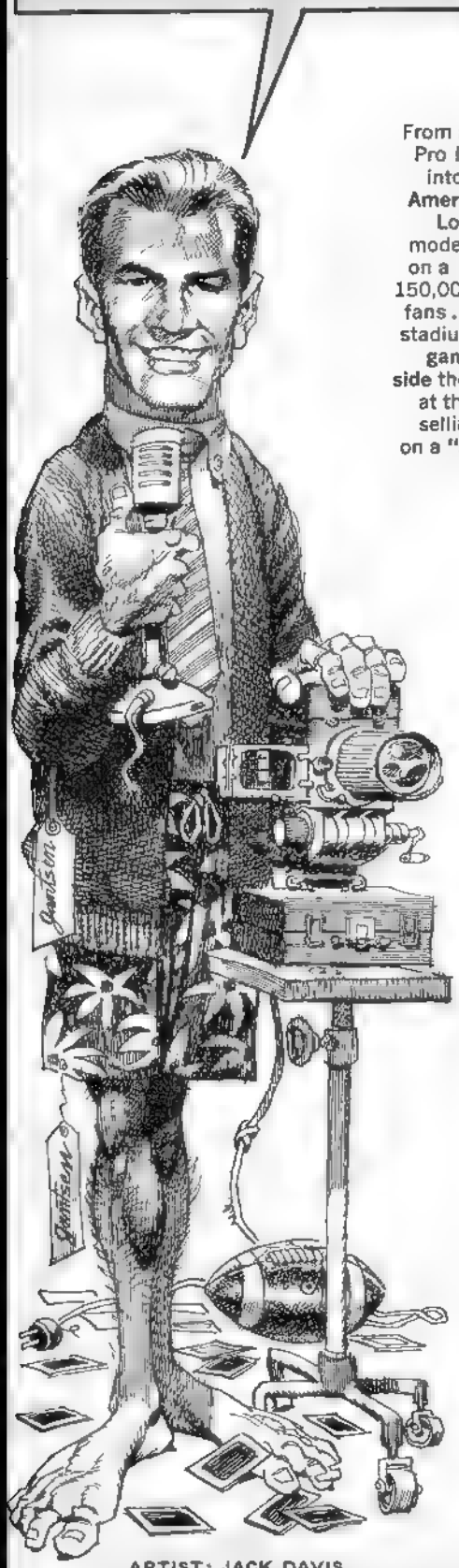

Dr. Bested, I've decided not to quit after all!
That's too bad, Miss Parrot! What made you decide to stay?


Oh, I got thinking about how very fortunate I am to be teaching in this ultra-exclusive PRIVATE SCHOOL!
I mean . . . what if I had to take a teaching assignment in one of those tough NEW YORK CITY SCHOOLS!?!

PASSING THE BUCK DEPT.

Hi, there, fans! I'm **Frank Gifted**—former **football star**, and present **announcing star**—with a selection of slides and a brilliant running commentary designed to give you the **whole fantastic story** . . . including the beginning, the in-between years, the present, and the future of . . .

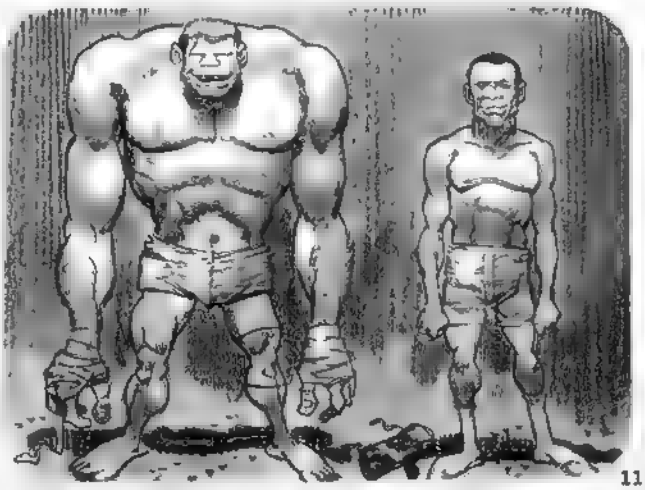
PRO FOOTBALL



From a modest beginning, Pro Football has grown into the **Number One American Sport** of today. Look at this typical modern football stadium on a typical Sunday with 150,000 screaming football fans . . . 75,000 **inside** the stadium, screaming at the **game** . . . 75,000 **outside** the stadium, screaming at the **management** for selling **all 75,000 seats** on a **"season ticket" basis!**

But it wasn't **always** like this! Pro Football has known some **lean times!** For example, in the early days, the average Pro Football Player was **not** very impressive, physically! Here are two average men of forty years ago. The man on the **left** was a typical Pro Football Player! The man on the **right** was a typical Jockey!

But thanks to improved working conditions, higher pay, and vitamins, the Pro Football Player of today has grown to become an **awesome physical specimen.** Here are two average men of today. The man on the **left** is a **Pro Football Player.** The man on the **right** is only a **Heavyweight Boxing Champion!**



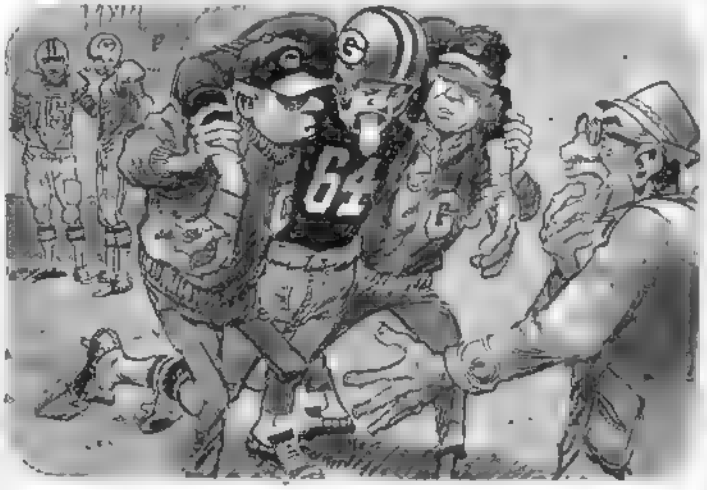
ARTIST: JACK DAVIS
WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

Once again, we see the typical Pro Football Player of 40 years ago . . . getting paid after a game. Back then, most Pro Players averaged about **$10** a game. Today, some football stars make over **100** times as much—and that's just in college, before they turn "Professional"!

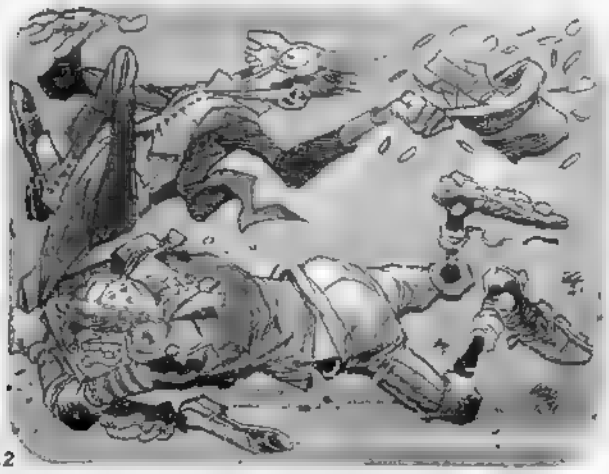
In the past, most Pro Football players were incoherent, uneducated men recruited from the ranks of ditch diggers, coal miners and disc jockeys. Today, over 90% of Pro Football Players are taken directly from college by means of the **"Draft"**. The Draft is the democratic process that offers each college star his choice of either **playing with the Pro team that drafts him—or not playing in this country!**

Now, let's compare the job demands made on Players of both eras. In the old days, the Player had to maintain a killing physical pace. He had to play a full 60 minutes of every game. He had to be able to run, kick, tackle, block, pass and receive—and still have enough strength in reserve to inflate the football by mouth!

Today, with "Specialization", one man does nothing but kick off, one man does nothing but return kick offs, one man does nothing but wipe wet footballs, and one man does nothing but amuse his teammates with funny stories. Here we see Green Bay's Huddle Wit, Clyde Godzilla, out for the season with a **badly sprained tongue!**



In the early days, football field grandstands were crude and decrepit, fans were scarce, and money to pay players was usually raised by passing the hat. Not only was the intake small, but 9 out of 10 times, the hat was **stolen!**



Today, because of the great demand for tickets, it is almost impossible to buy a seat for a regular game, and about the only way you can get a Season Box is by **selling your mother!** Here we see a group of **new orphans** enjoying a game from their **newly-acquired Season Box in Yankee Stadium!**

Here is a modern Pro Back, racing toward the goal-line. Notice his graceful, hard-driving legs and his over-all fluidity of motion. There are just **two things** that can possibly stop this play now: **A hard-charging safety-man,** bumping him out of bounds—or a **Gillette TV Commercial!**

The greatest thing to happen to Pro Football, of course, was the concept of **"The Super Bowl"** on **"Super Sunday"**. . . and all of the "Super" things that came with it. In a moment, we'll meet one of the men responsible for the **effective promotion** of "Super Sunday". . . but first, I'd like to show you this last slide depicting a typical American town last January:

And here he is—**Mr. Pete Doughsmell** . . . the **President** of the **National & American Football Leagues!** Tell us, Pete, what's on the TV agenda for Pro Football **next year?**

Well, Frank, as usual the Networks will be televising **all of the games of both Leagues,** and all of the **All-Star games,** and all of the **Pro Bowl games,** and all the **Championship games** between **Conference Winners** . . .

Gee, that sounds great, Pete—

. . . and all of the **Championship games** between **League Winners** and the **Play-off Bowl** between **second place teams,** and the **Play-off—Play-off Bowl** between **third place teams,** and so on down the line until the **last place teams** play in the **Booby Bowl!**

Great, Pete—but isn't it—?

And besides the games already mentioned, we have several TV **Highlight Shows** lined up, like: **"Fantastic Plays of Last Week"** and **"Pretty Good Plays of Last Week"** and **"So-So Plays of Last Week"** and great **human interest** shows like **"A Portrait of Johnny Unitas—His Life, His Family and His Formula For Peace in Vietnam."**

Sounds really great, Pete, but—

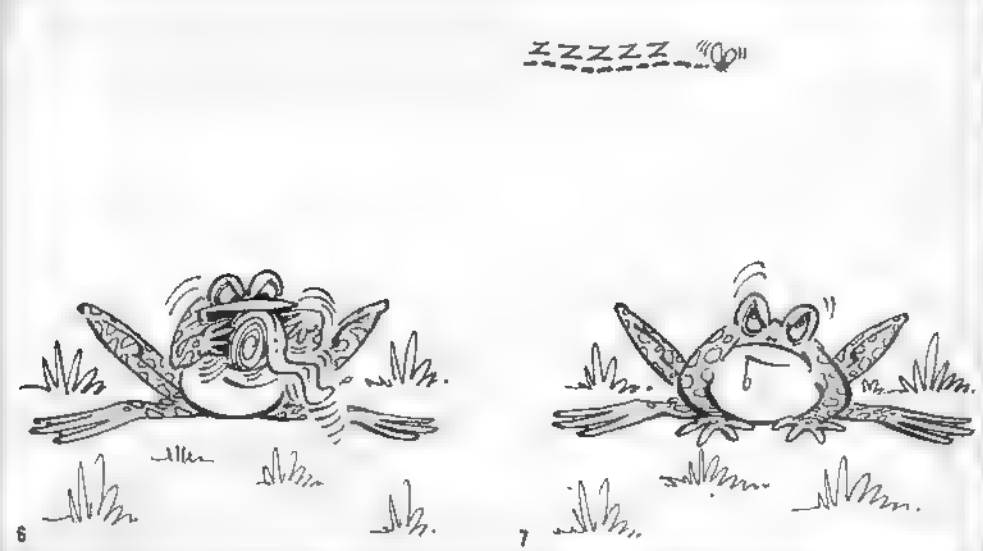
And due to the phenomenal success of "Super Sunday", we've decided to play our Post Season Games **every** day of the week! We've got **"Mighty Monday", "Terrific Tuesday", "Wonderful Wednesday"** and so on! And—oh—Excuse me, Frank, that's the phone—

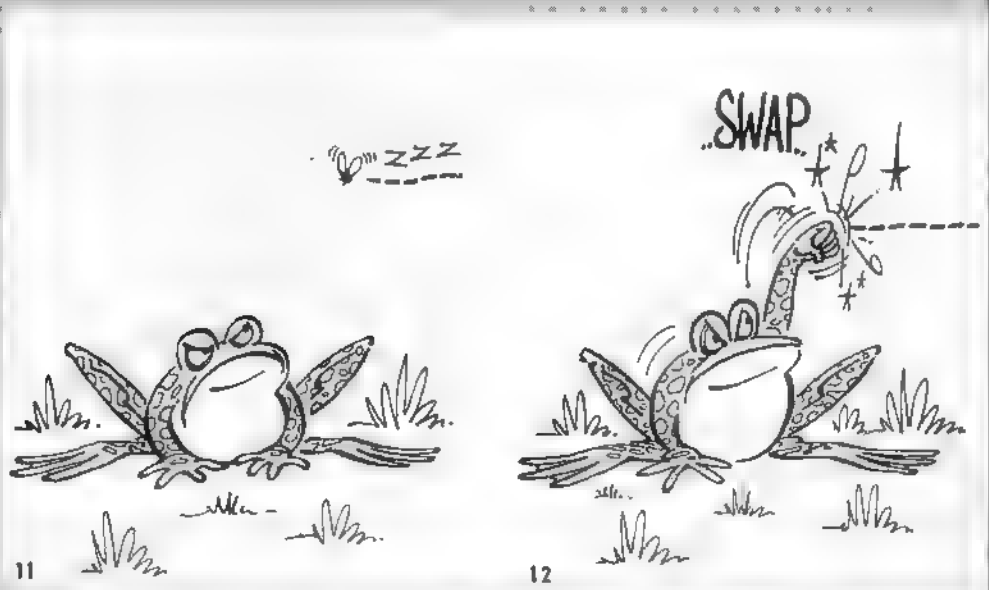
Hello? Speaking! **NO! Definitely NO!** Of course, you can't use the field on that day! That's **"Fabulous Fnday"!** Good-bye!

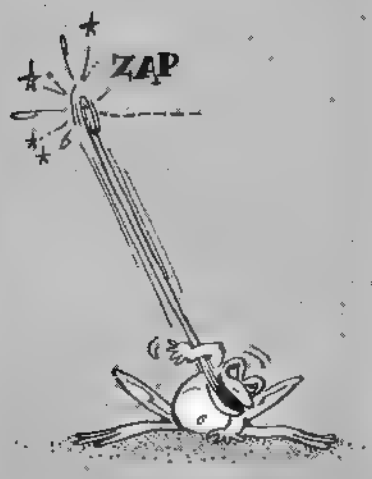
Who was that?

The owner of the New York Yankees! Can you imagine the **nerve** of that guy trying to schedule a **baseball game** on **July 4th!?**

DON MARTIN LOOKS AT FROGS

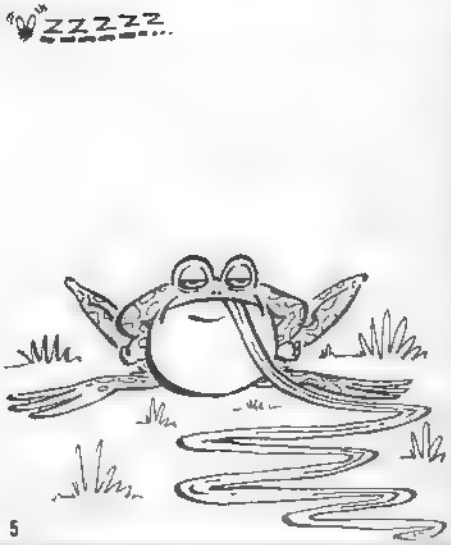






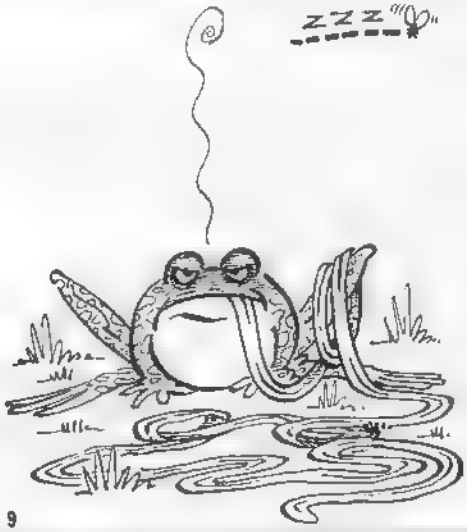
3

4

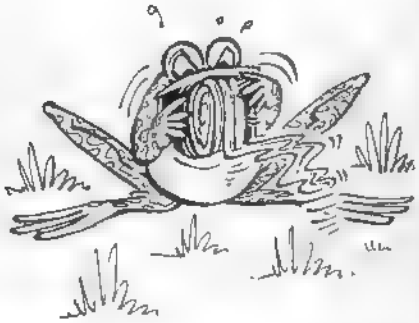


5

8



9

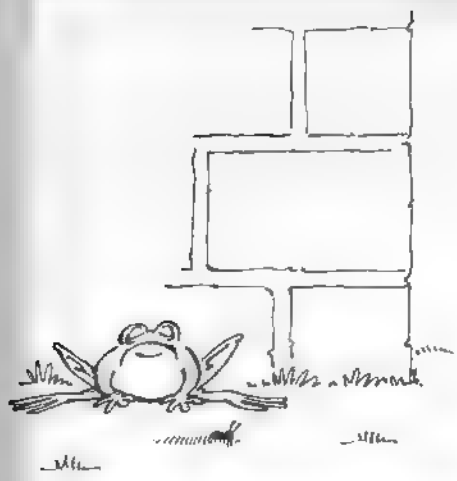


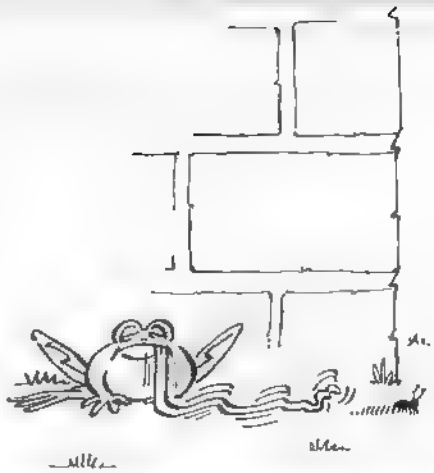
10

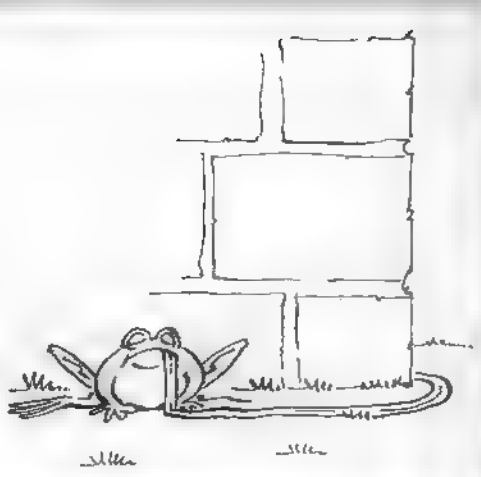
13

14

15

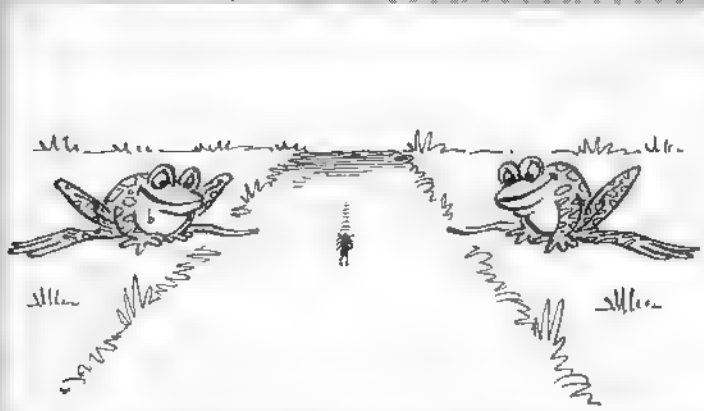


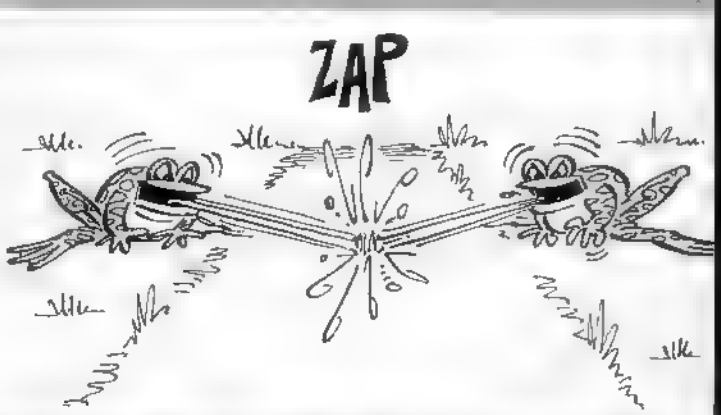


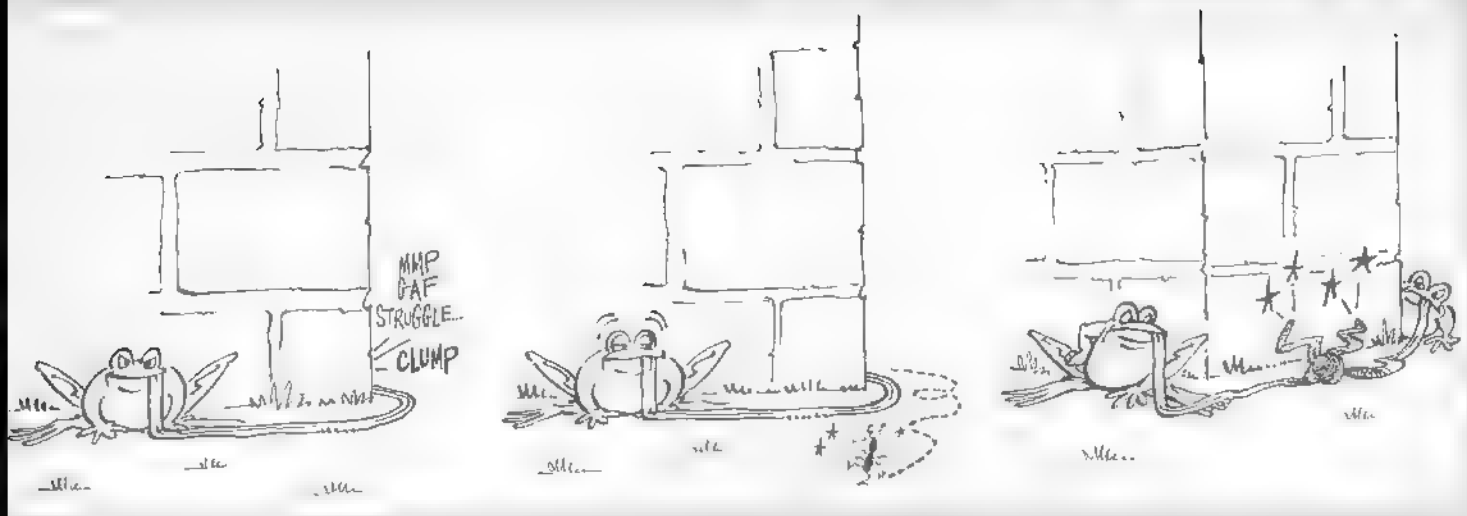


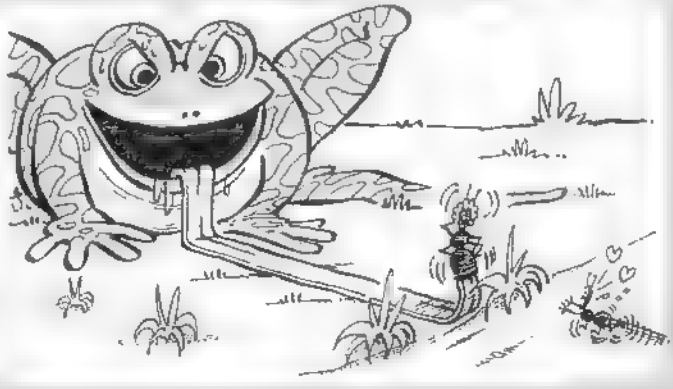
ZZZZ
ZZZZ
ZZZ

ZAP

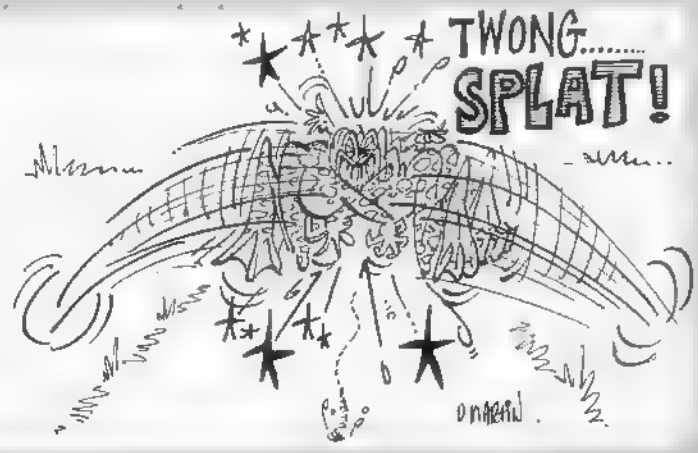



ZAP


MMP
GAF
STRUGGLE...
CLUMP



GING.....GING


TWONG.....
SPLAT!

THE FAULT IS IN OUR STARS DEPT.

ONE WAY THE NETWORKS CAN BREATHE NEW LIFE INTO OLD DEAD FORMATS IS TO TAKE THESE MAD SUGGESTIONS FOR SOME . . .

TV SHOWS...RE

WRITER: MAX BRANDEL

"Mission Impossible"

"The Invaders"

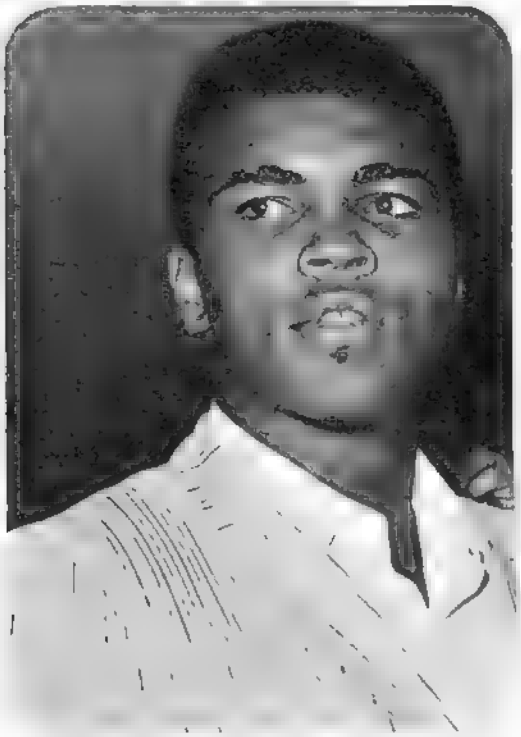
"Adventure In Paradise"

"Twelve O'Clock High"

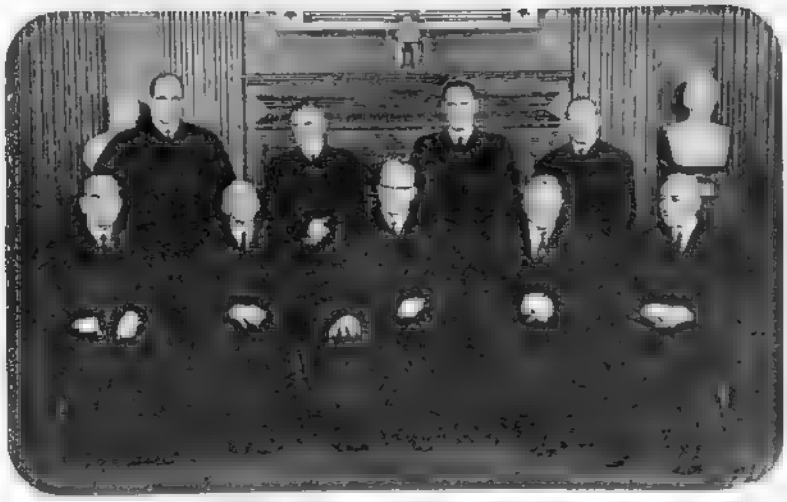
-CAST

PHOTOS BY U.P.I. & WORLD WIDE

"Occasional Wife"



"No Time For Sergeants"



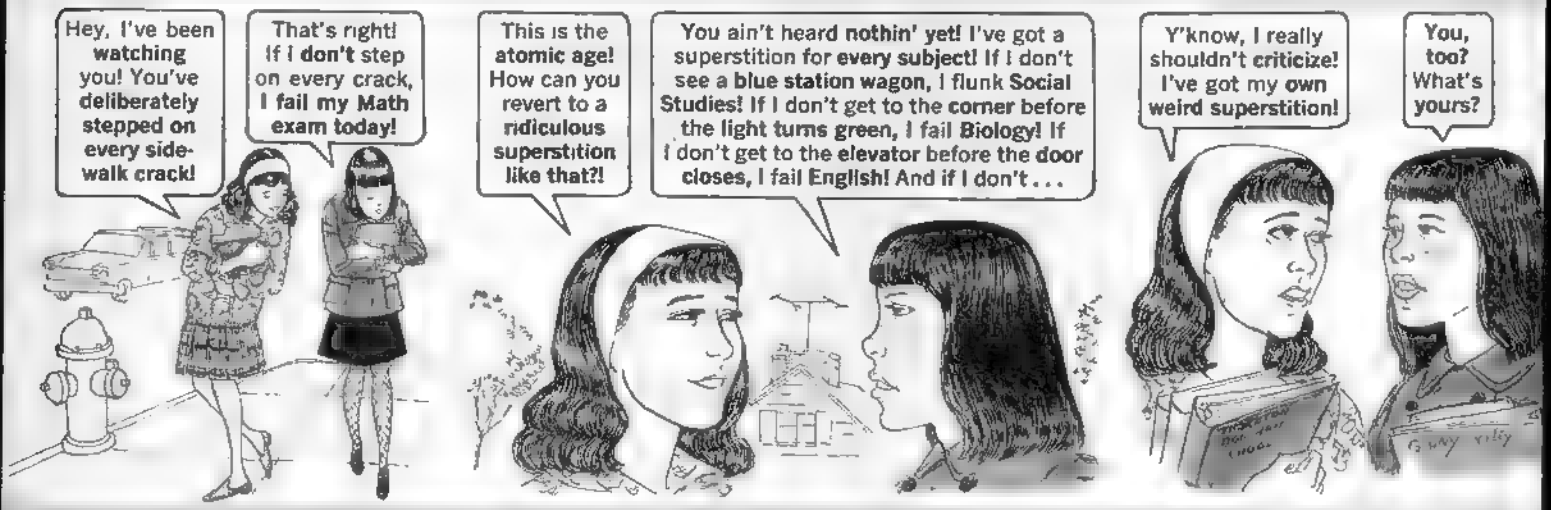
"The Untouchables"

"Outer Limits"

"Get Smart"

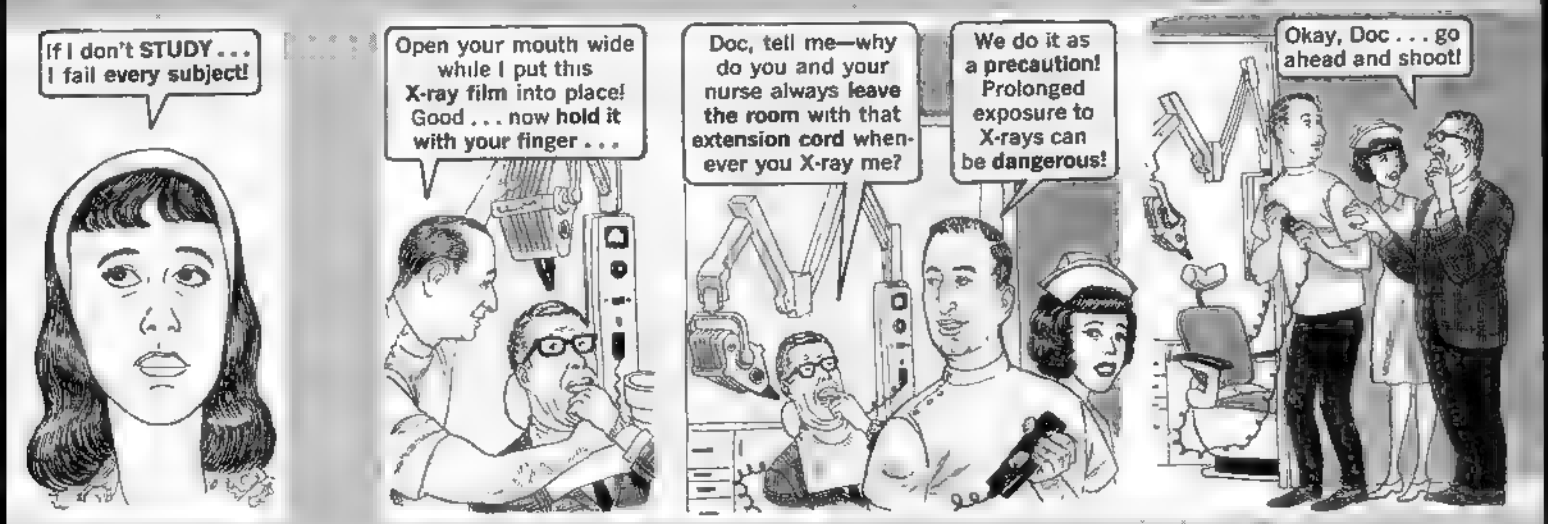
BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

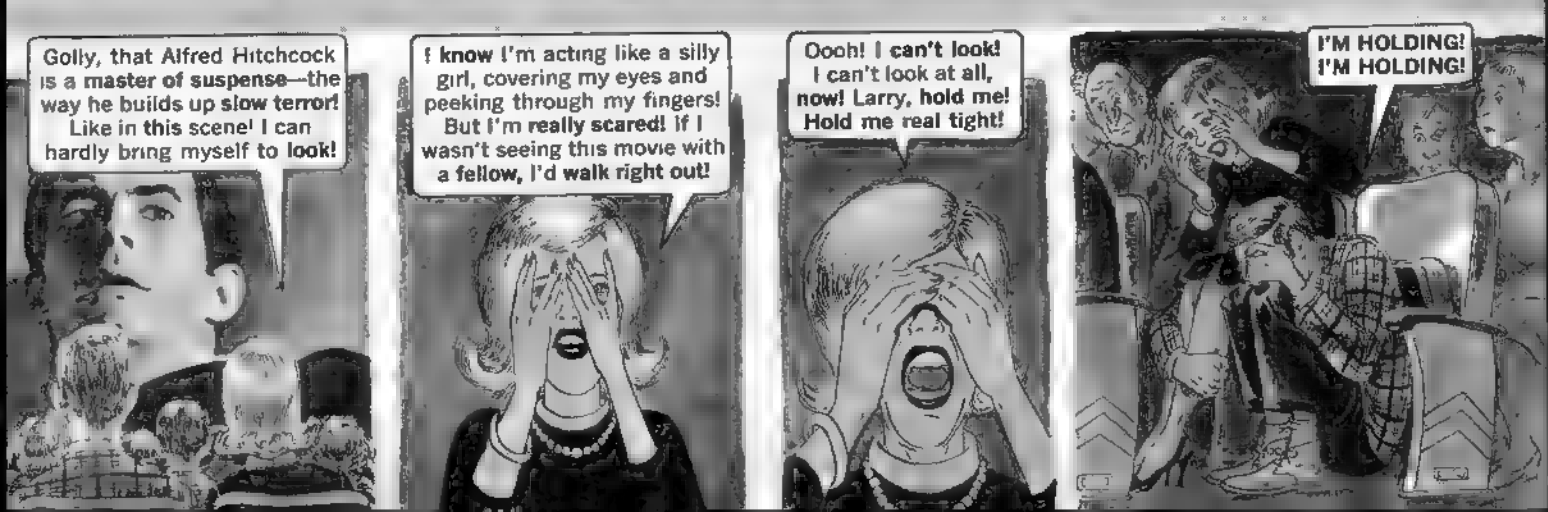
THE LIGHTER SIDE OF



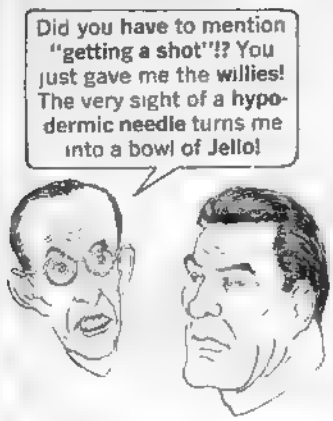
FEAR

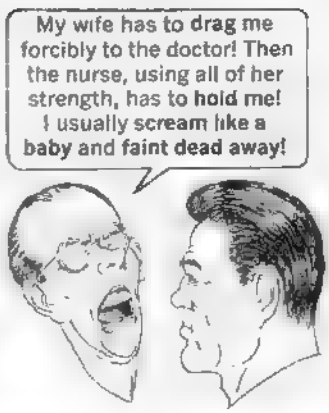
I hate shopping at the Supermarket! I'm always so afraid I'll forget something important!
We are superior to animals because we can use tools and write! So make a LIST, dumbbell!
I guess you're right! Let's see . . . I need bread, milk, coffee, detergent, fruit— What else? I just know I'm going to forget something!
SEE!? I TOLD YOU!! I KNEW I'D FORGET SOMETHING!!
How can you forget anything?! You have everything written on your list!!
THAT'S WHAT I FORGOT!!

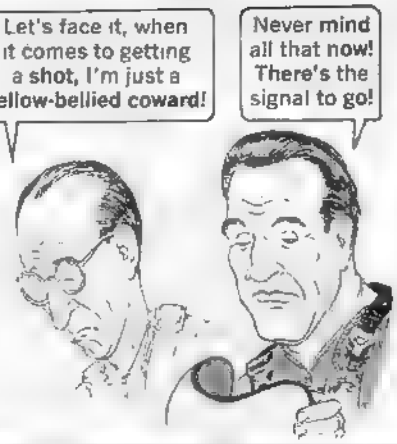

If I don't STUDY . . . I fail every subject!
Open your mouth wide while I put this X-ray film into place! Good . . . now hold it with your finger . . .
Doc, tell me—why do you and your nurse always leave the room with that extension cord whenever you X-ray me?
We do it as a precaution! Prolonged exposure to X-rays can be dangerous!
Okay, Doc . . . go ahead and shoot!


Golly, that Alfred Hitchcock is a master of suspense—the way he builds up slow terror! Like in this scene! I can hardly bring myself to look!
I know I'm acting like a silly girl, covering my eyes and peeking through my fingers! But I'm really scared! If I wasn't seeing this movie with a fellow, I'd walk right out!
Oooh! I can't look! I can't look at all, now! Larry, hold me! Hold me real tight!
I'M HOLDING! I'M HOLDING!

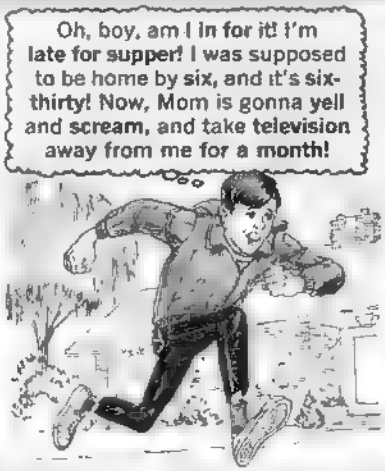
Huh? That's the phone! Who would be calling this time of night . . . unless . . . unless it was something very serious?!
RING
Hello! Hello!
Arnold? Is that you? This is your Mother! I had a premonition that something is very wrong with you!
I'll say there's something very wrong!
I knew it! I knew it in my bones! What is it?
You just scared the beejeebers out of me with this phone call in the middle of the night!
Talk about "Hero-Worship", this new girl friend of mine thinks I'm the bravest man that ever lived. During a storm, she became frightened, and asked me if I was afraid of thunder and lightning . . . and I told her, "No!"
So then she asked me if I was afraid of other things like snakes, or high places, or sudden noises, or flying in an airplane, or being locked up in an enclosed place, or going to the dentist. Of course, I told her, "No!"
She was amazed. She said that everybody has some weakness . . . some breaking point . . . and here, I have none! But between you and me, there's only ONE thing that really TERRIFIES ME!
What's that?
Hey! It's not just in our house that the lights went out! It's the whole block!
I don't want to frighten you any more than you are, dear, but I just heard on the transistor radio that the whole city is blacked out! In fact the whole state . . . and nine other states besides!
Oh, my gosh! It's a catastrophe! SABOTAGE! That's what it is! Those Russians did it so they could ruin our economy, and—
Calm down, dear! I'm sure it's really not that serious! Those Russians are much too busy trying to reach our standard of living to bother!
Then it's those INSANE RED CHINESE! They did it to create confusion and panic and ruin our Democracy!
No, dear! Calm down! It really can't be that serious! Those Red Chinese are too involved in their own internal problems to bother us now!
Gee, this is such an intellectual, well-informed crowd! I'm so afraid I'll say the wrong thing and make a complete fool of myself!
Just follow one rule: if you have nothing to say, don't say it! Just speak about the things you know about! Like cooking! You're an expert on that!
And what about the problems of Turkey—and Greece?!
Oh, I have a very strong opinion on that subject!
When roasting a turkey, excess grease should be spooned off periodically! While basting, preferably . . .


Did you have to mention "getting a shot"!? You just gave me the willies! The very sight of a hypodermic needle turns me into a bowl of Jello!


My wife has to drag me forcibly to the doctor! Then the nurse, using all of her strength, has to hold me! I usually scream like a baby and faint dead away!


Let's face it, when it comes to getting a shot, I'm just a yellow-bellied coward!
Never mind all that now! There's the signal to go!

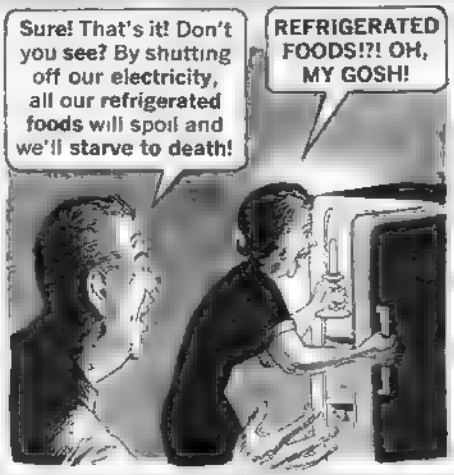
That someday, she'll find out what a LIAR I am!

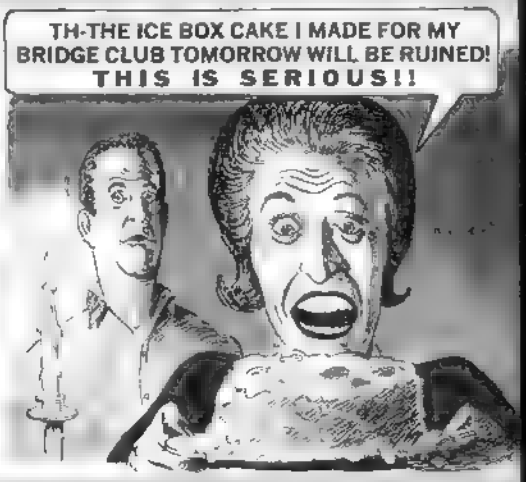

Oh, boy, am I in for it! I'm late for supper! I was supposed to be home by six, and it's six-thirty! Now, Mom is gonna yell and scream, and take television away from me for a month!

Oh, so you're home!
H-here it comes!

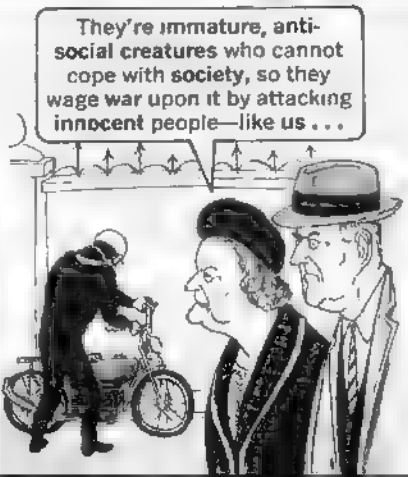
I'm sorry, dear, but supper is a little late tonight!
Watch television, meanwhile!

Good Lord, it's them FLYING SAUCERS! A race from another planet did it as a first step toward an eventual invasion!
Come, now, dear! It's not that serious! You've been watching too many Science Fiction TV shows!

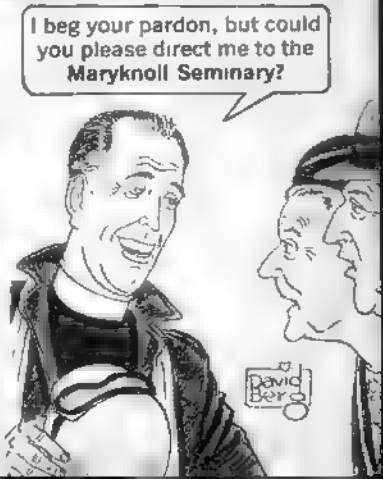

Sure! That's it! Don't you see? By shutting off our electricity, all our refrigerated foods will spoil and we'll starve to death!
REFRIGERATED FOODS!?! OH, MY GOSH!


TH-THE ICE BOX CAKE I MADE FOR MY BRIDGE CLUB TOMORROW WILL BE RUINED! THIS IS SERIOUS!!

You know what terrifies me? Those Black-Leather-Jacketed motorcyclists—like that one over there!


They're immature, anti-social creatures who cannot cope with society, so they wage war upon it by attacking innocent people—like us . . .

Oh-oh! He's coming toward us, Martin! I'm—I'm AFRAID!!


I beg your pardon, but could you please direct me to the Maryknoll Seminary?
David Berg

HEART-BURNS DEPT.

Some people say that MAD is too critical of celebrities, that we aren't "nice" to people who are in the public eye. This of course, just isn't true! MAD takes

MAD VALENTINES

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD

To H. Rap Brown

You walk along a city street
That's filled with peace and quiet;
Before you're through, you've helped to start
A full-scale bloody riot;
You leave a trail of burned-out homes,
Of people forming breadlines;
But what the hell! Why should you care
So long as you get headlines!

To Joey Bishop

Whatever night your show is on
There's one thing certain we know—
That you'll remind us you are pals
With Sammy, Frank and Dino;
You must know things to talk about,
If we may be so candid,
That bore us less than all those tales
Of what your precious Clan did!

TO THE BEATLES

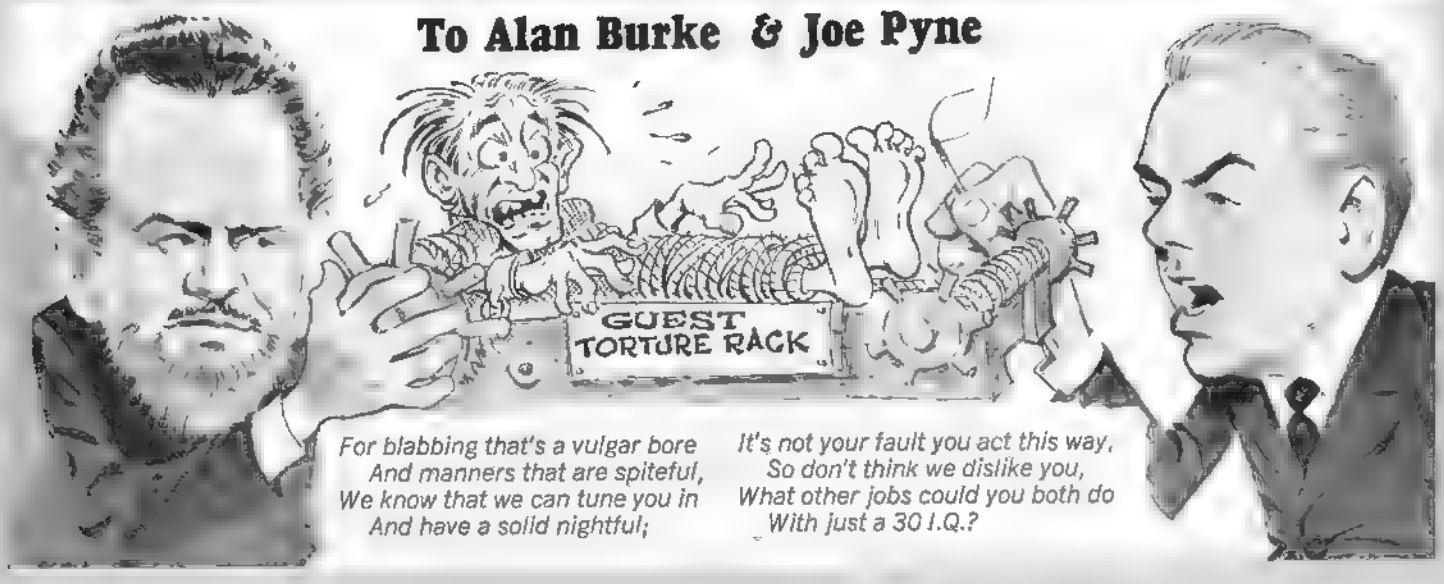
Your "Sergeant Pepper" is a smash;
Your loyal fans defend it;
We've even heard a few of them
Maintain they comprehend it;
We know you guys would like to build
Good will between our nations;
So next time won't you please provide
American translations?

a very kindly view toward celebrities, even when they rub us the wrong way. To prove our point, this year we're showing our affection by sending out these . . .

TO CELEBRITIES

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

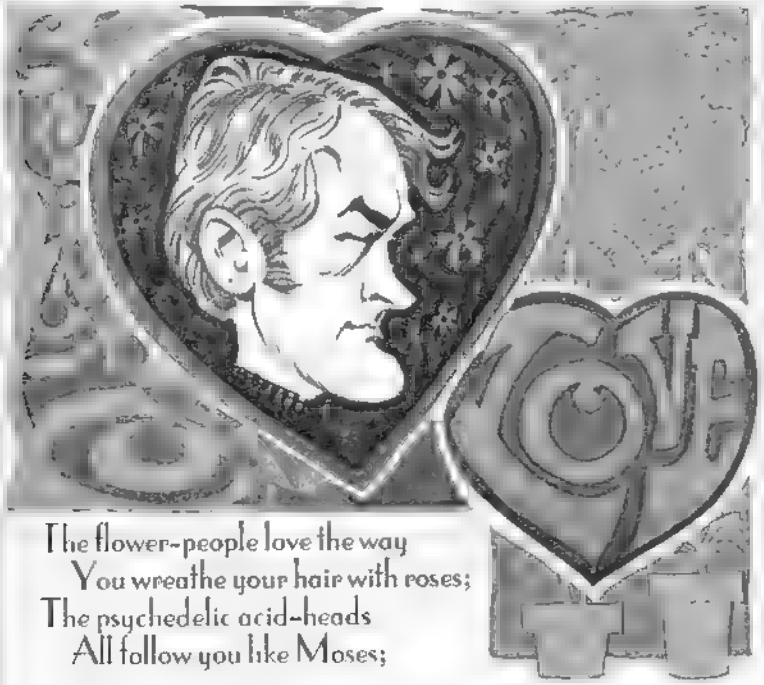
To Alan Burke & Joe Pyne



For blabbing that's a vulgar bore
And manners that are spiteful,
We know that we can tune you in
And have a solid nightful;

It's not your fault you act this way,
So don't think we dislike you,
What other jobs could you both do
With just a 30 I.Q.?

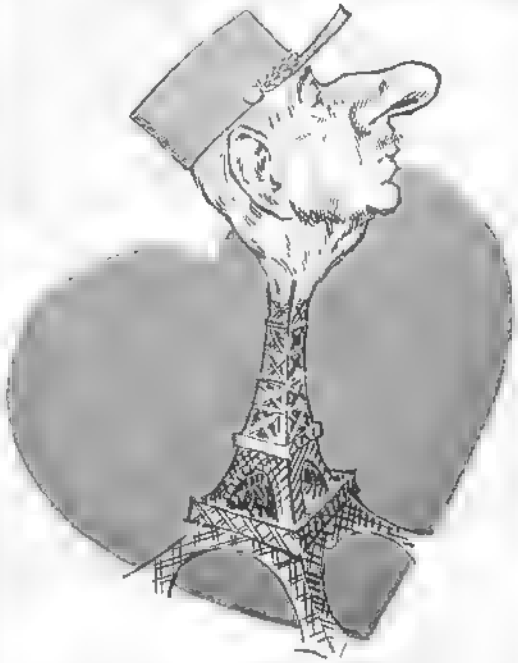
to DR. timothy LEARY



The flower-people love the way
You wreathe your hair with roses;
The psychedelic acid-heads
All follow you like Moses;

The freaked-out hippies chant your name
Amid their dirt and squalor;
What better proof do people need
That you're a noted scholar?

TO CHARLES DE GAULLE

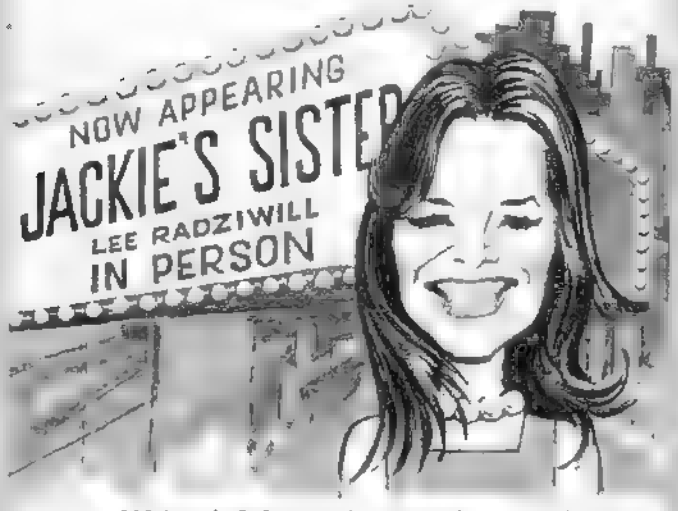


You double-crossed your NATO pals;
You finked on Western Europe;
And then you came to Canada
To see what you could stir up;
Now that you've proved how great you are
At causing repercussions;
We wish you'd turn your big nose east
And go louse up the Russians!

To Twiggy

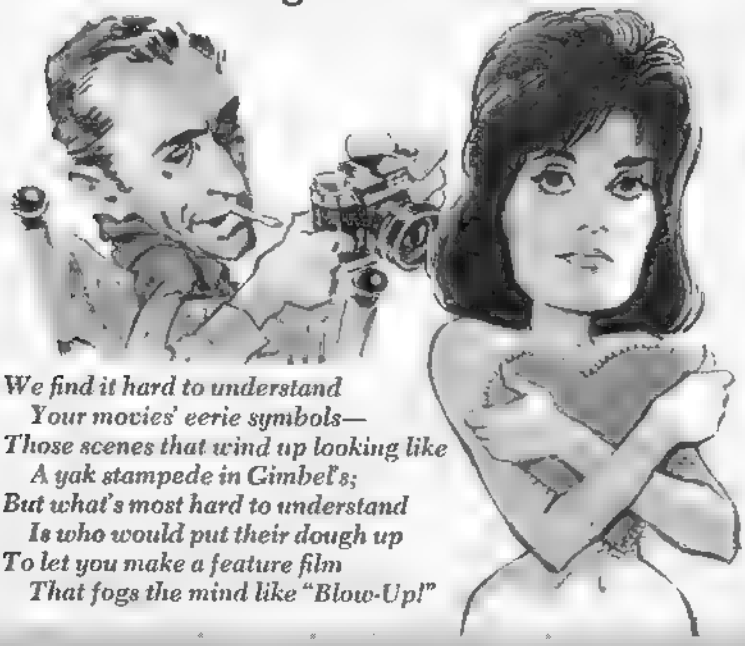
Your eyes possess a vacant stare;
The words you speak sound Cockneyed;
Your posture's poor; your shoulders slump;
Your legs are lean and knock-kneed;
Should fashion leaders ever shun
Your frame so gaunt and fatless,
Try posing as that skinny guy
Who writes in to Charles Atlas!

To (Princess) Lee Radziwill



We're glad that you've turned actress, dear,
That you've reached instant stardom;
So what if critics aren't polite—
It's just because they are dumb;
With each new role you undertake
You should feel brave and gallant
To know that you have made it big
On nothing but sheer talent!

To Michelangelo Antonioni



We find it hard to understand
Your movies' eerie symbols—
Those scenes that wind up looking like
A yak stampede in Gimbel's;
But what's most hard to understand
Is who would put their dough up
To let you make a feature film
That fogs the mind like "Blow-Up!"

TO WILBERT B. YULVEY

Your wife and you have fights at night,
The screaming lasts for hours,
And just last week that mutt of yours
Ate up a bed of flowers;
We know you're no celebrity—
And this we won't belabor;
We're forced to print this card 'cause you're
The Publisher's new neighbor!

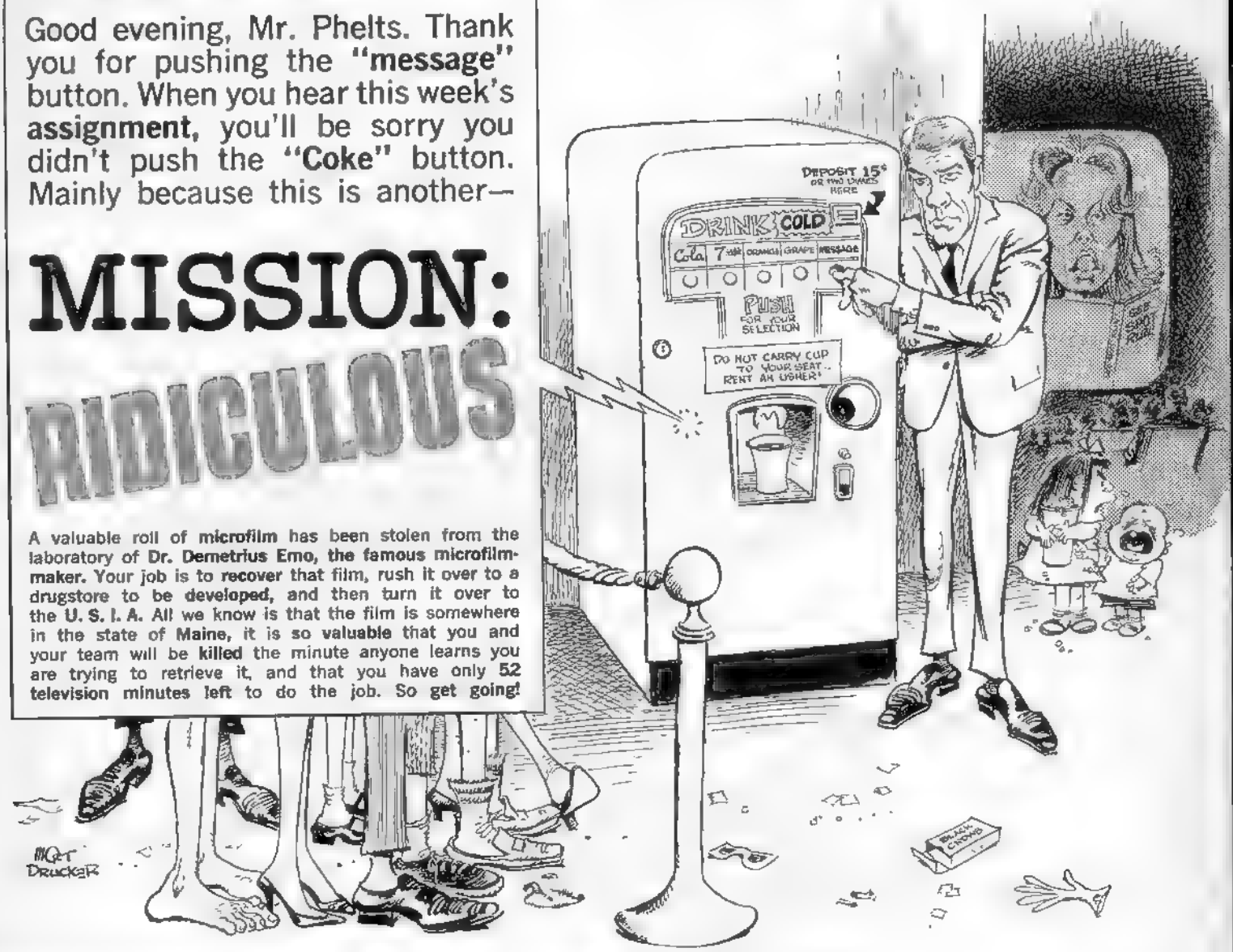
TO SCHEME THE IMPOSSIBLE SCHEME DEPT.

HERE WE GO WITH MAD'S VERSION OF THE TV SERIES THAT STARTS OFF EACH WEEK LIKE THIS:

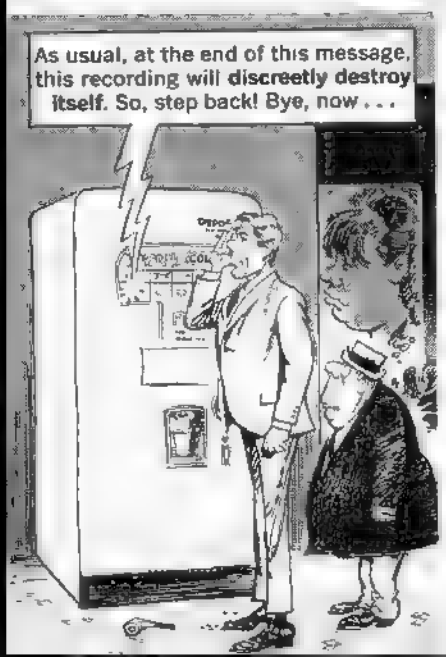
Good evening, Mr. Phelts. Thank you for pushing the **"message"** button. When you hear this week's **assignment,** you'll be sorry you didn't push the **"Coke"** button. Mainly because this is another—

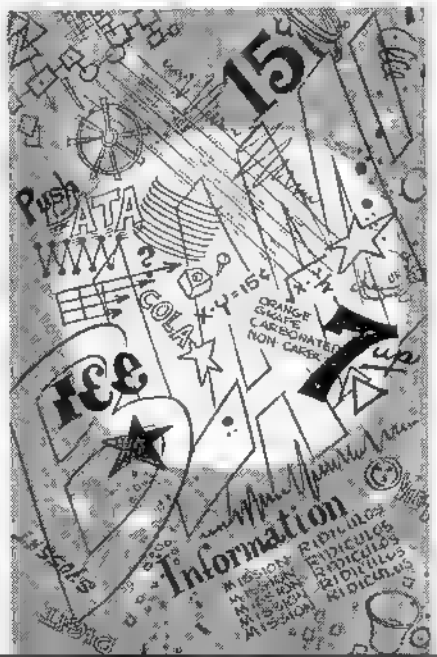
MISSION: RIDICULOUS

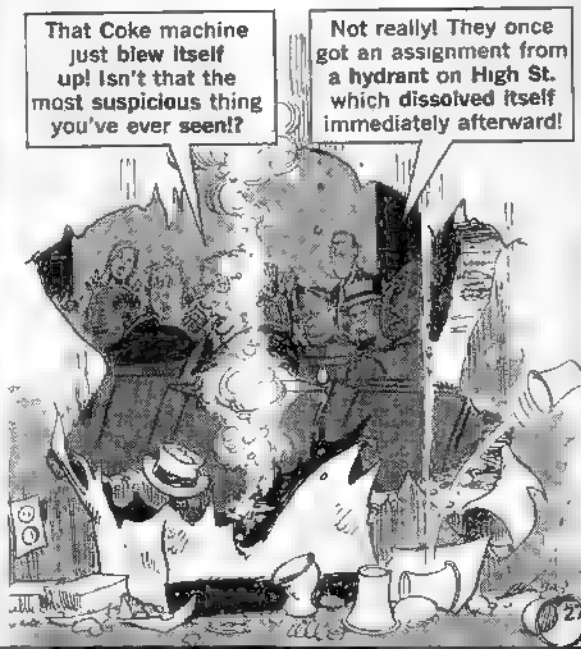
A valuable roll of **microfilm** has been stolen from the laboratory of **Dr. Demetrius Emo, the famous microfilm-maker.** Your job is to **recover** that film, rush it over to a **drugstore** to be **developed,** and then turn it over to the **U. S. I. A.** All we know is that the film is somewhere in the state of **Maine,** it is so **valuable** that you and your team will be **killed** the minute anyone learns you are trying to retrieve it, and that you have only **52 television minutes left** to do the job. So **get going!**

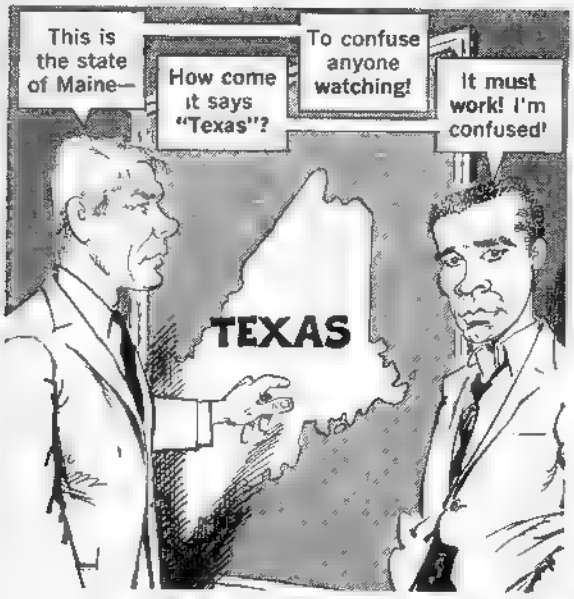


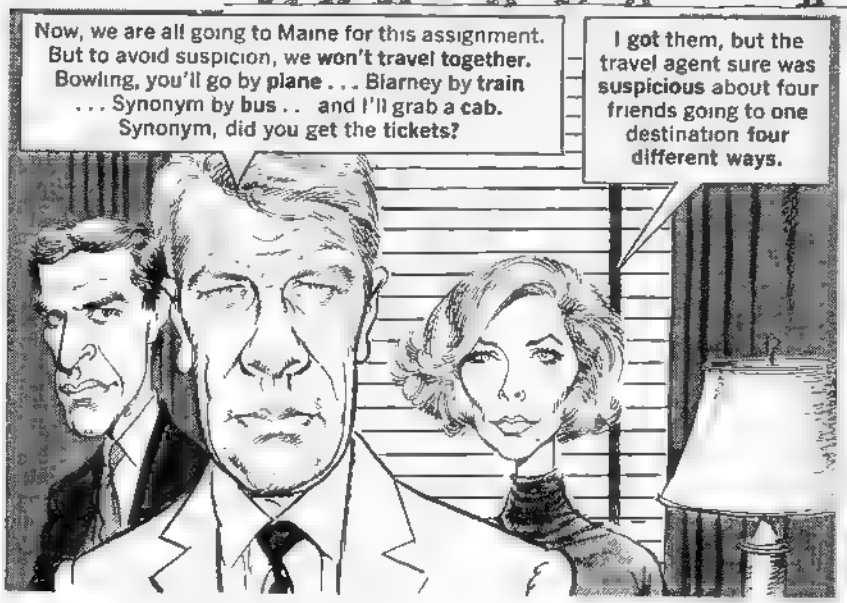
ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

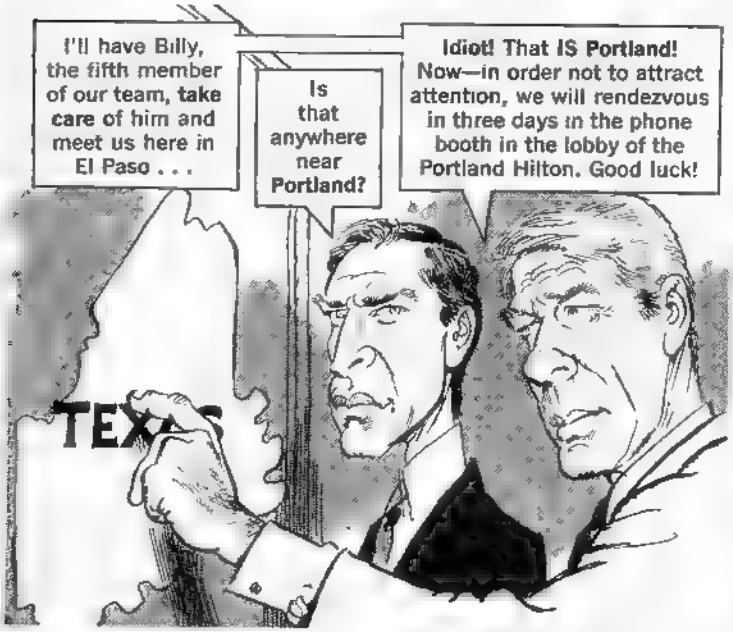




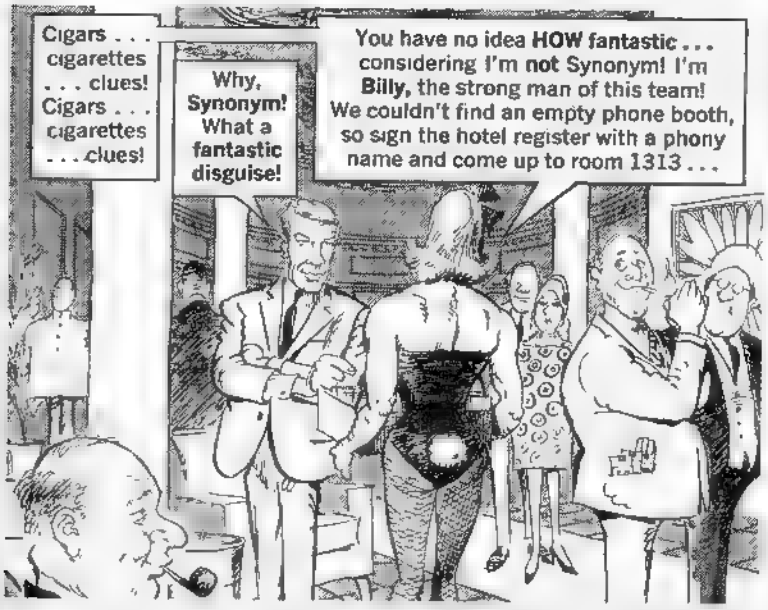


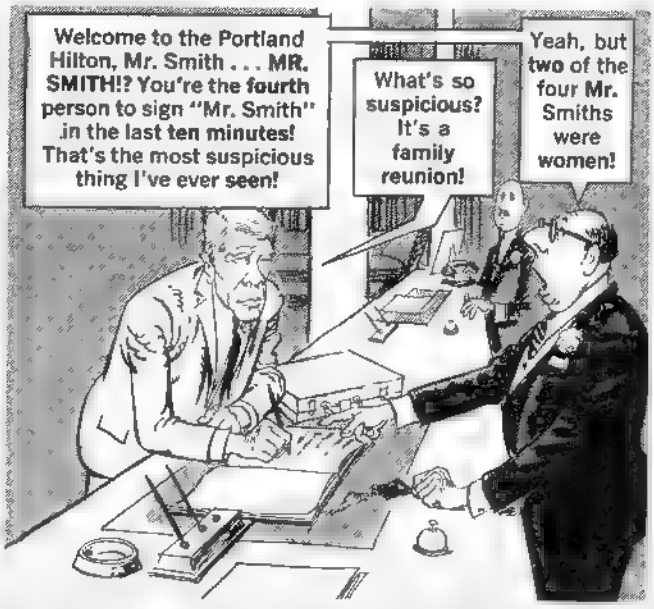

This is the state of Maine—
How come it says "Texas"?
To confuse anyone watching!
It must work! I'm confused!
TEXAS


Now, we are all going to Maine for this assignment. But to avoid suspicion, we won't travel together. Bowling, you'll go by plane . . . Blarney by train . . . Synonym by bus . . and I'll grab a cab. Synonym, did you get the tickets?
I got them, but the travel agent sure was suspicious about four friends going to one destination four different ways.


I'll have Billy, the fifth member of our team, take care of him and meet us here in El Paso . . .
Is that anywhere near Portland?
Idiot! That IS Portland! Now—in order not to attract attention, we will rendezvous in three days in the phone booth in the lobby of the Portland Hilton. Good luck!

Here we are . . . and the fare is $3,466.75. You know, this is the most suspicious thing I've ever heard of . . . taking a cab from Los Angeles to Maine! What are you, some kind of secret agent?
No, I'm some kind of secret nut!
THE Portland HILTON HOTEL
SID ASCHER MOTEL
TAXI
25¢
5


Cigars . . . cigarettes . . . clues! Cigars . . . cigarettes . . . clues!
Why, Synonym! What a fantastic disguise!
You have no idea HOW fantastic . . . considering I'm not Synonym! I'm Billy, the strong man of this team! We couldn't find an empty phone booth, so sign the hotel register with a phony name and come up to room 1313 . . .


Welcome to the Portland Hilton, Mr. Smith . . . MR. SMITH!? You're the fourth person to sign "Mr. Smith" in the last ten minutes! That's the most suspicious thing I've ever seen!
What's so suspicious? It's a family reunion!
Yeah, but two of the four Mr. Smiths were women!

Glad you all made it. Now we can get down to business! Did you notice anything peculiar in the hotel register?
You mean all the "Mister Smiths"?
Besides that! A "Dr. Demetrius Emo" checked in today and listed his occupation as "top-secret micro-film-maker"!
Yes, but how can we be sure it's the same Dr. Demetrius Emo, top-secret micro-film-maker, we're looking for? There may be hundreds of them!
By checking his room! Only we've got to think of some clever way to find out which room he's in!
Leave that to me! Hello, Room Service? This is Dr. Demetrius Emo. If I told you to bring a bottle of wine to my room, which room would you bring it to? What do you mean, that's the most suspicious thing you've ever heard? That's a perfectly legitimate question!!
Uh-huh! Yes! I see— That's 1934! Thank you!
That was brilliant! So Dr. Emo is in room 1934!
No, 1934 is the year of the wine! An excellent year! Dr. Emo, on the other hand, is in room 1963, which may be a respectable enough room, but an awful year for wine!
There's no answer! Blarney, can you open this door?
Just watch! First, I take my handerchief, unfold it, and slip it under the door. Then, I take a pencil and push it through the keyhole—
1963
The key inside falls onto the handkerchief and I pull them both from under the door! Easy, huh?
Great! Only there's a much easier way! First we try the door to see if it's unlocked . . . which it is, you idiot!
1963
Look! It's Dr. Emo! And he's dead!
Maybe he's just sleeping!
If he were just sleeping, he'd be on the bed!
Listen! Somebody's coming down the hall! Quick! Get inside!
Who's there?
Room Service, Dr. Emo! I have your bottle of wine!
Good! Slip it under the door!
It won't fit under the door, sir!
Then POUR it under the door!
Yes, sir!
But if you don't mind my saying so, sir—this is the most suspicious thing I've ever done in my life!
Don't worry! I have a straw!
1963

Whew! Thank heavens he's gone!
Hey! Listen to this tape recorder!
. . . undt if "E" eqvals "MC sqvared" zen ze force is multiplied by ze base . . .
That's a recording of Dr. Emo's famous speech on "Nuclear Fusion of Heavy Titanium with Denatured Plutonium and its Resultant Atomic Implosion" which he delivered to the Girl Scouts last January . . .
The Doctor's voice!! Say, I have an idea. Why not cut the tape into its individual words and put it back together again to make a normal conversation?
Got you!! Then we can play the tape at a crucial moment, and it will look like the Doctor is still alive!
But only from the back! Okay, get to work on it while Bowling and I discreetly spread the word about Dr. Emo!
Hey, when you're done up there, go to Dr. Emo's room! His night light burned out!
I understand that Dr. Emo is feeling just fine!
I can't hear you over the vacuum! What did you say about Dr. Emo?
I said, "Dr. Emo is feeling just fine!" He's alive and well again!
That's the most suspicious conversation I've heard in my whole life!
Okay, I'm finished splicing the tape! Listen—
Goot evening, girls! It iss a brand nu—clear day . . . perfect for goink—fission!
If you close your eyes, does it sound like Dr. Emo talking normally?
Only if I also close my ears!
KNOCK! KNOCK!
Wait! Someone is at the door again!
It's me, Emo—your friend, Nogoodnick! Open up . .
Quick! Give me that sheet! I'll try to fool him into thinking I'm Dr. Emo! You hide in the closet with Dr. Emo's body!
Listen—this is supposed to be "Mission: RIDICULOUS" . . . not "Mission: DISGUSTING"!
Come in! Come in! I vas chust taking a shower—
Do you always cover yourself with a sheet after a shower?
Of course! who vood be foolish enough to cover zemselves vit a sheet BEFORE a shower?

That's the most suspicious thing I have ever seen!
What!? Me, walking around in a sheet?
No—you, walking around! Because I killed you and took the microfilm less than an hour ago!
So it was YOU with the knife!
Yes, and now it's me with the GUN! Ta-ta!
BLAM! BLAM!
Speak to me! Are you okay?
Certainly! I was wearing my bullet-proof underwear! Now that we know everything, signal Bowling and Synonym to intercept that nogoodnick, Nogoodnick, in the lobby!
Hey, Bowling! Synonym! Try to intercept that nogood—
Don't YELL down! Use the secret Flower-Phone!
THE Portland HILTON HOTEL
Bowling? Synonym? Report, please—
Hey, I don't hear anything but a buzzing sound!!
That's a bee you hear! The OTHER vase is the Flower-Phone, you idiot!
Bowling? This is Blarney! There'll be a man coming into the lobby any moment. You'll know him by his medium height, checkered suit, and smoking revolver. He has the microfilm in his attache case, so use the "switch ploy" on him!
Got you, Blarney! Use the "switch ploy" on him . . .
Look, Emma—a man talking to a flower vase! Isn't that the most suspicious thing you've ever seen?
Why? The flower vase is answering him, isn't it?
Here he comes! Okay—go to work . . .
Er—pardon me, sir . . . do you have change for a Series E Savings bond?
No, I'm sorry!

Well, could you be a real sport and put down that attache case?
I will not!
Here—pick a card . . . any card!
I have no time for nonsense!
You're growing sleepy! Your attaché case is getting heavier and heavier . . .
Out of my my way, you idiot!
FIRE! FIRE! Drop your attache case and RUN FOR YOUR LIFE!
C'mon, now! That's on another Network!
Walt, sir! I'm really the Bell Hop! Let me take your bag and get you a cab . . .
Well, okay! But this whole thing seems very suspicious!
Taxi! Taxi!
Here's one—
No! Not that one! Taxi . . . Taxi . . .
TAXI
Here's another—
No, not him! Taxi! Taxi!
MET
How about this one?
This is the one!
Gee, Billy—what happened to you?
I got caught in traffic and had to pick up a real fare!
Take me to the airport, and hurry!
Have a good trip, and here's your attache case!

That's not my attaché case! Mine was much smaller!

That's because I wasn't in it, Mr. Nogoodnick! Now if you will just sit back, we have an appointment downtown!

The Federal Building, Billy—and make it snappy!

I just hope this guy tips me better than that last fare . . .

VERY SUSPIC OUS

Mission: Ridiculous . . . ACCOMPLISHED!!

Well, we did it again!

We sure did . . . and I guess the Chief wants to congratulate us again as usual!

He sure picks the craziest places to deliver his secret messages! Now this —a bowling alley?

You five have been sitting around for an hour! Don't you want to bowl?

No, thanks! We just came here to talk to one of the balls . . .

Oops! It's lighting up now! Go ahead, Chief!

MALVERNE BOWL

Congratulations on a job well done, team! Your next assignment will come a week from tonight, same time, same channel, from the parking meter on Broadway. Now, if one of you will pick this ball up and roll it down the alley, it will discreetly destroy itself . . .

RUMBLE

KIDBOW

Some "discreetly"!

That's the most suspicious thing I've ever seen!

Amf

19

39

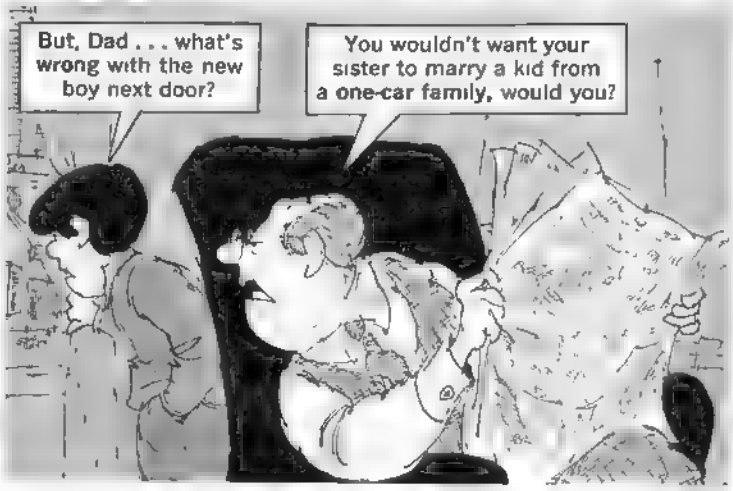
CITY'S LIMIT DEPT.

Ask nine out of ten parents the reason they moved to the suburbs, and they'll say, "We did it for the kids!" And so, for you city-dwellers who still haven't made the move, MAD presents an investigation into

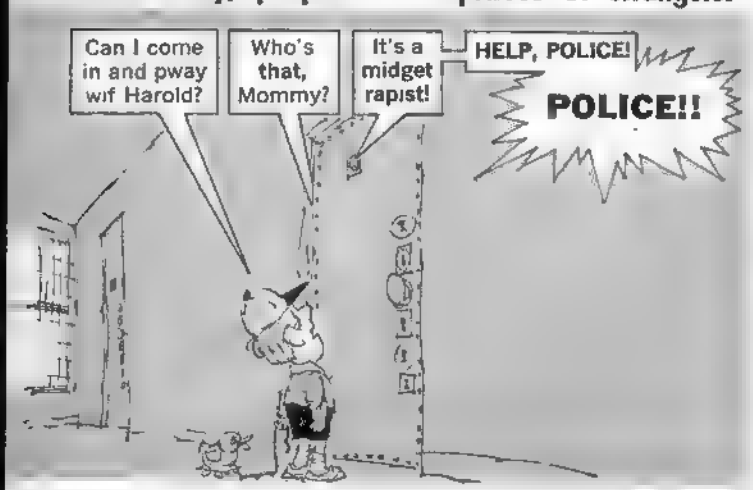
Th

There is a great deal of prejudice in the city:

There is practically no prejudice in the suburbs:



In the city, people are suspicious of strangers:



In the suburbs, the doors are open to everybody:

In the city, schoolroom conditions are impossible:

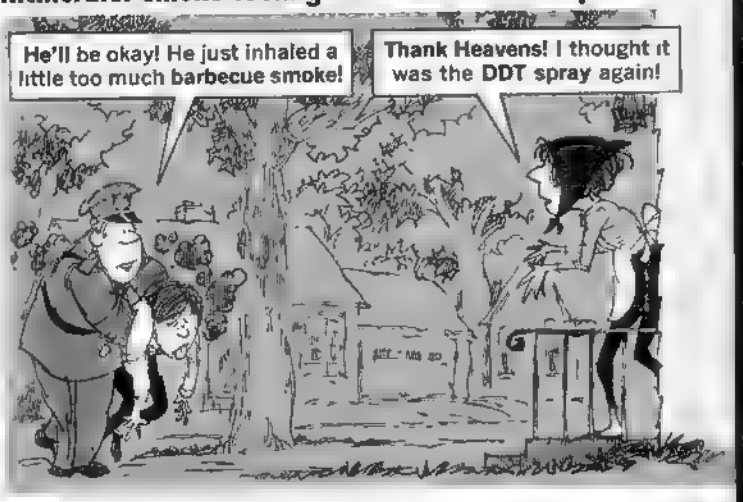
In the suburbs, schoolrooms are clean and modern:

e Advantages of the Suburbs for KIDS

ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR.
WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

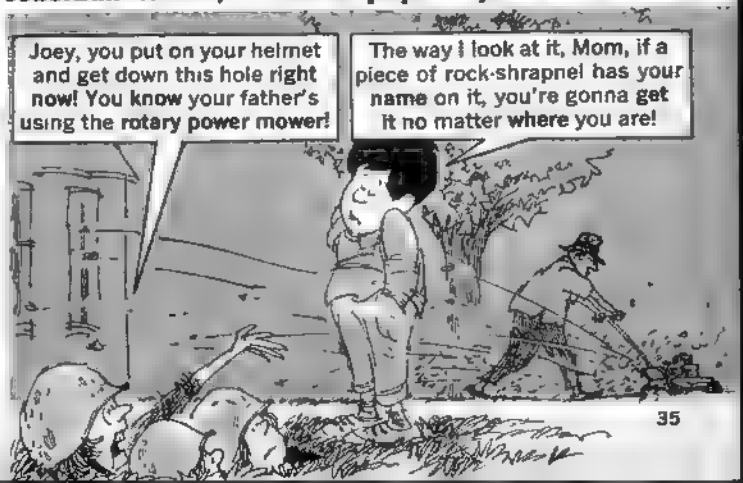
Kids in the city are constantly forced to breathe foul, contaminated and polluted urban atmosphere:

There is very little gasoline exhaust fumes and incinerator smoke fouling the suburban atmosphere:



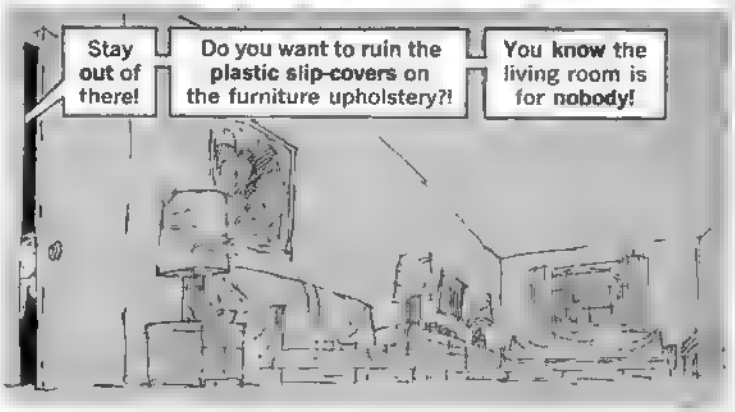
A kid is physically unsafe and actually takes his life in his hands when he goes on any city street:

Since there is very little mugging and traffic on suburban streets, a kid is physically much safer:



Apartments in the city are usually very small, so there is little room for the kids to play in them:

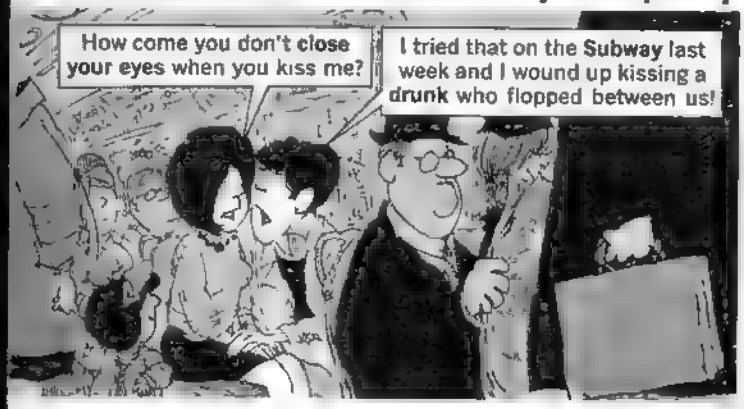
Fortunately for the kids in the suburbs, homes are usually very large, with spacious and airy rooms:



With space at a premium and thin walls, it's hard for teenagers to have decent parties in the city:

With all that room and seclusion, it's easier for teenagers to have those parties in suburban homes:

City teenagers on dates have very little privacy:



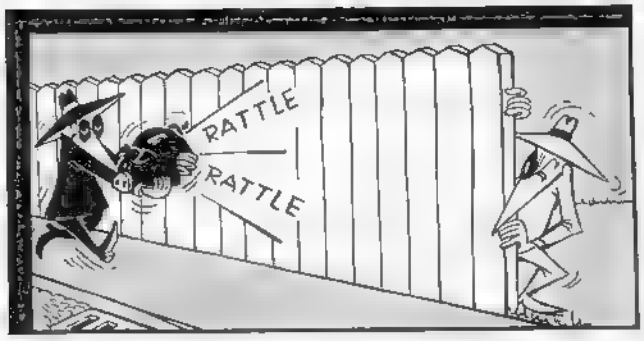
Suburban teenagers on dates have privacy of cars:

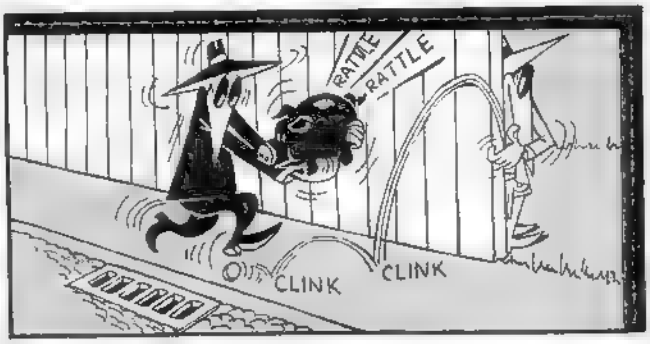
In the city, parents are often out having fun . . . which leads to unsupervised kids . . . and trouble:

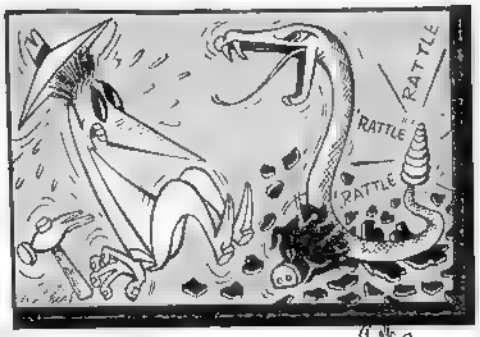
In the suburbs, most parental fun is concentrated right in the home . . . which is healthier for kids:

JOKE AND DAGGER DEPT. PART I

SPY VS SPY







PUT YOUR FUNNY WHERE YOUR MOUTH IS DEPT.

Are you reading a magazine? Are you reading MAD magazine? Are you reading the introduction to this article? Then you know what "stupid questions" are! We just asked three of the stupidest! Are you sick and tired of being asked stupid questions? We mean the kind to which the answers are painfully obvious.

MAD'S SNAPPY ANSWERS

No, tennis—but I'm so good, my opponents insist that I carry this on my back as a handicap!

No, sky-diving—and this is the latest design in parachutes!

No, fishing—I just stand in the water and hit them with a club!

No, but I'm deeply concerned about the damage you may have done to the chair when your drill came out the back of my neck!

No, I thoroughly enjoyed it! But then, I'm a masochist, you know!

No, I always retch, scream and cry when I'm happy!

Oh, sure! YOU can . . . but your car can't.

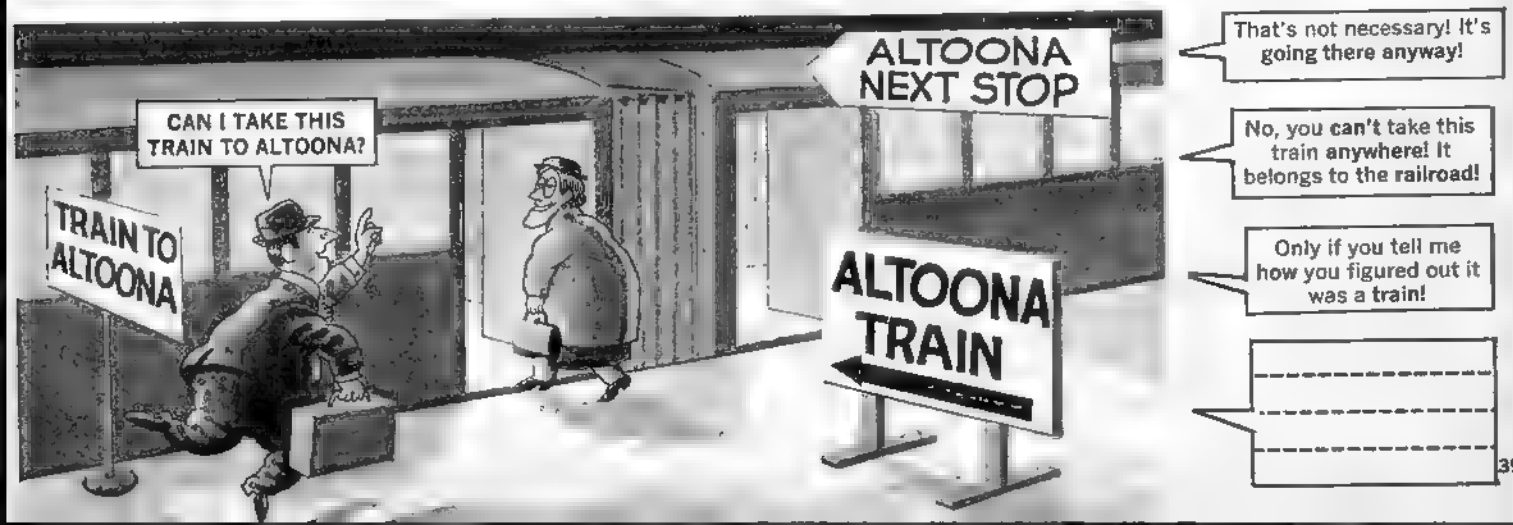
Of course! And after that, you can park right near another sign like it in front of the City Traffic Court!

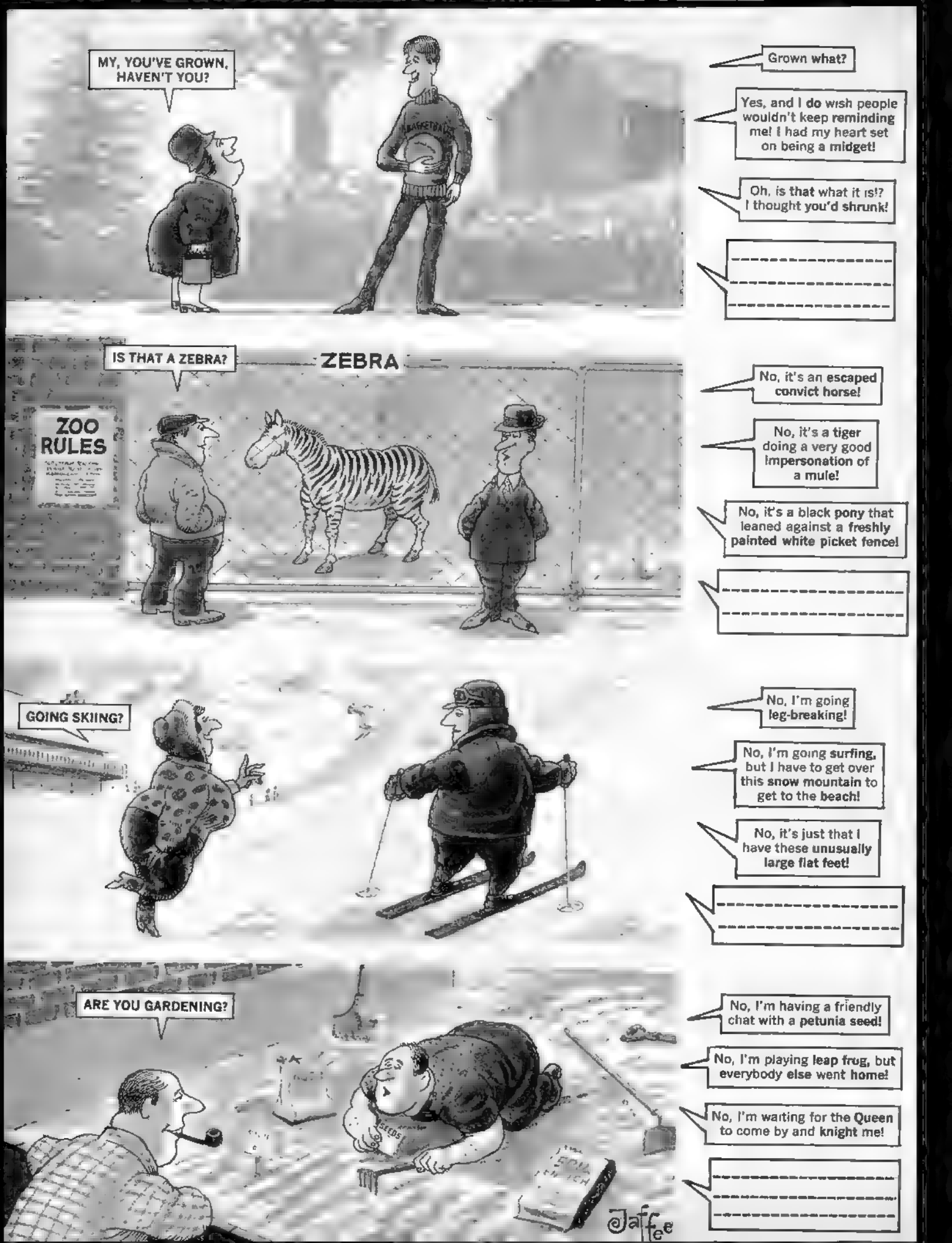
Why not!? Just because spineless idiots like me park their cars in garages at exorbitant prices is no reason why brave smart guys like you should have to put up with such nonsense!

If you are plagued by clods who ask stupid questions and you'd like to put them down, this article (by Al Jaffee) is for you. So was the first article on the very same subject (by Al Jaffee) that we ran several issues back. So is the up-coming MAD paperback book (by Al Jaffee), containing an all-new collection of

TO STUPID QUESTIONS

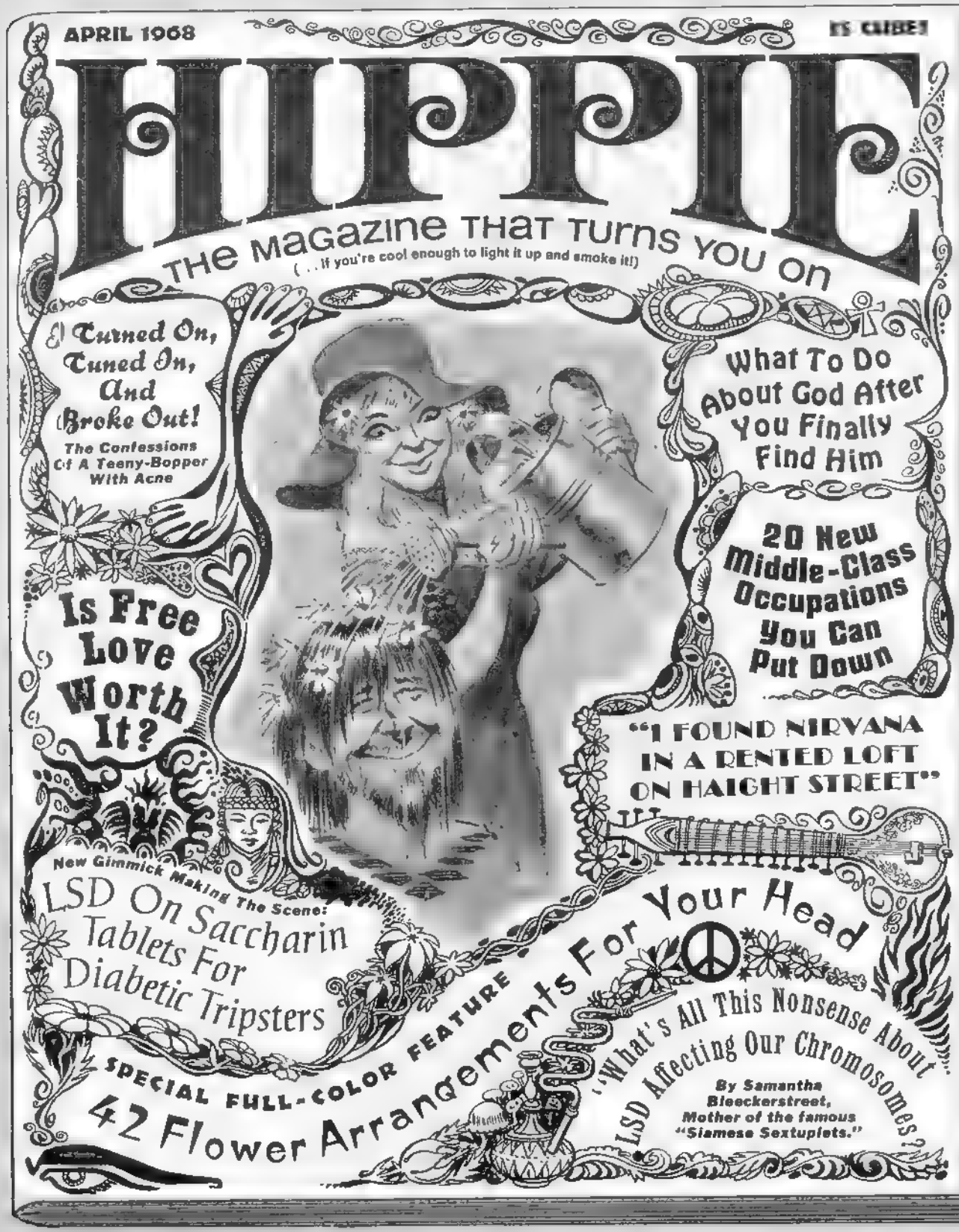
ARTIST & WRITER: AL JAFFEE




MY, YOU'VE GROWN, HAVEN'T YOU?
Grown what?
Yes, and I do wish people wouldn't keep reminding me! I had my heart set on being a midget!
Oh, is that what it is!? I thought you'd shrunk!
IS THAT A ZEBRA?
ZEBRA
ZOO RULES
No, it's an escaped convict horse!
No, it's a tiger doing a very good impersonation of a mule!
No, it's a black pony that leaned against a freshly painted white picket fence!
GOING SKIING?
No, I'm going leg-breaking!
No, I'm going surfing, but I have to get over this snow mountain to get to the beach!
No, it's just that I have these unusually large flat feet!
ARE YOU GARDENING?
No, I'm having a friendly chat with a petunia seed!
No, I'm playing leap frog, but everybody else went home!
No, I'm waiting for the Queen to come by and knight me!
SEEDS
Jaffee

TURN ON, TUNE IN, DROP DEAD DEPT.

THERE'S A WILD NEW GROUP OF PEOPLE WHO HAVE BECOME PROMINENT IN AMERICA RECENTLY. THEY HAVE THEIR OWN UNIQUE LANGUAGE, THEIR OWN STRANGE BEHAVIOR, AND THEIR OWN BIZARRE PHILOSOPHY WHICH IS COMPLETELY MISUNDERSTOOD BY MANY OLDSTERS. THE GROUP IS KNOWN AS "MODERATE REPUBLICANS". HOWEVER, IN ADDITION TO THOSE CREEPS, THERE IS *ANOTHER* WEIRD SUB-CULTURE WITH *ANOTHER* SET OF HANG-UPS. THIS GROUP IS KNOWN AS "HIPPIES". THEY'RE *EVEN* MORE MISUNDERSTOOD THAN "MODERATE REPUBLICANS". AND SO, AS A PUBLIC SERVICE—SO THAT THEY WILL BE MISUNDERSTOOD *EVEN MORE SO*, MAD MAGAZINE PRESENTS . . .



ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE WRITER: ARNIE KOGEN

A MOTION PICTURE SO BRUTALLY FRANK AND SO SHOCKING THAT ONLY A WIGGED-OUT PRODUCER LIKE NIRVANA E. LEVINE WOULD DARE MAKE IT!

Psychedelic Pictures Present:

The Wild Freakout Acid Trip At The Hippie Teeny-Bopper Love-In Orgy On The Strip

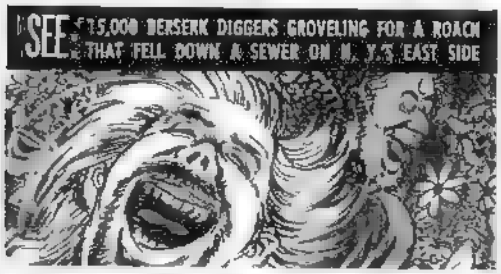
Formerly Titled: "I Found My Tender Love In San Francisco"

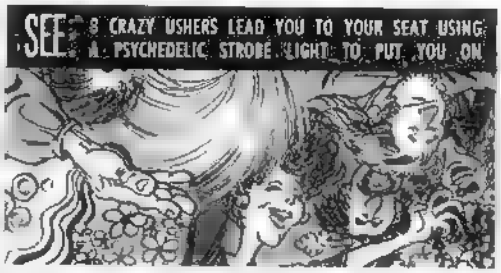
IN GLORIOUS 70mm SIN-EMASCOPE AND STARTLING LSD-COLOR!

Starring

Peter Fonda as "Honda" — **Andy Warhol** as "Soupy" — **Paul Krassner** as "The Dreamer" — **Joe Pepitone** as "Fungo"

and introducing GOD in His first important role . . . as "President Johnson"





THREE FULL DAYS IN THE MAKING!

FILMED ON LOCATION IN WARREN BEATTY'S RUMPUS ROOM

Recommended For Mature Hippies Only — No One Will Be Seated During The Last Five Orgies

HIPPIE CLASSIFIED ADS

FOR SALE: Extra-Large Banana, almost like new, smoked only once by a Little Old Lady Hippie on the lower East Side. Box H79

39 MALE HIPPIES, 4 FEMALE HIPPIES, seek 5 Female Hippies to share one-room pad on Haight St. All replies confidential. Our Landlord knows about this ad Box H81

WILL TRADE three locks of Allen Ginsberg's beard for one swatch from Timothy Leary's toga. Box H82

YOUNG MALE HIPPIE, leaving for India to find God, desires Young Female Traveling Companion in case I don't connect. Box H83

GREENWICH VILLAGE HIPPIE seeks trip to West Coast. I'll stay here. You drive my mind to California. Week of July 7th. Box H85

RAGA ROCK GROUP trio seeks fourth member, to explain the melodies to us. Box H87

MALE HIPPIE WITH ONE LEG seeks Female Hippie with One Leg. Object: Real out-of-sight Boogaloo. Box H89

LET US HANDLE YOUR NEXT LSD TRIP. Avoid Freakouts. We make all necessary arrangements. Hallucinations carefully planned The Turned-On Travel Agency. Box H90

HELP! I AM BEING HELD PRISONER in my Hi-Fi and TV-equipped own room in the suburban home of my materialistic, conformist parents. Box H92

FREE GUIDE TO 101 MOUNTAINS where you can dwell, meditate, turn on, groove and hold orgies—including several active volcanos. Box H93

COMPLETE WORDS AND MUSIC to 97 Buddhist Chants. Only $2.50. Box H98

THROW AWAY THAT TRUSS! Exciting new cure for hernias resulting from Yoga Lotus Position. Box H111

LET US CATER YOUR NEXT POT PARTY. Why fuss? Estimates cheerfully given. Dietary Laws strictly observed. Write: Leo's Psychedelicatessen. Box H112

LOOKING FOR GOD? I will tell you where to find Him. No kidding, I know where He's at, and who He is. $1.00 gets this information. Your money back in 7 days if you're not completely satisfied with Him. Box H115

MELVIN, YOU'VE GOT TO COME HOME! We understand why you dropped out of our hypocritical conformist existence devoted to the acquisition of material things, to tune in on the peace, brotherhood and psychedelic joys of the turned-on Hippie Movement. It's just that we can no longer afford to send you the money you need to stay there. Mother and Dad.

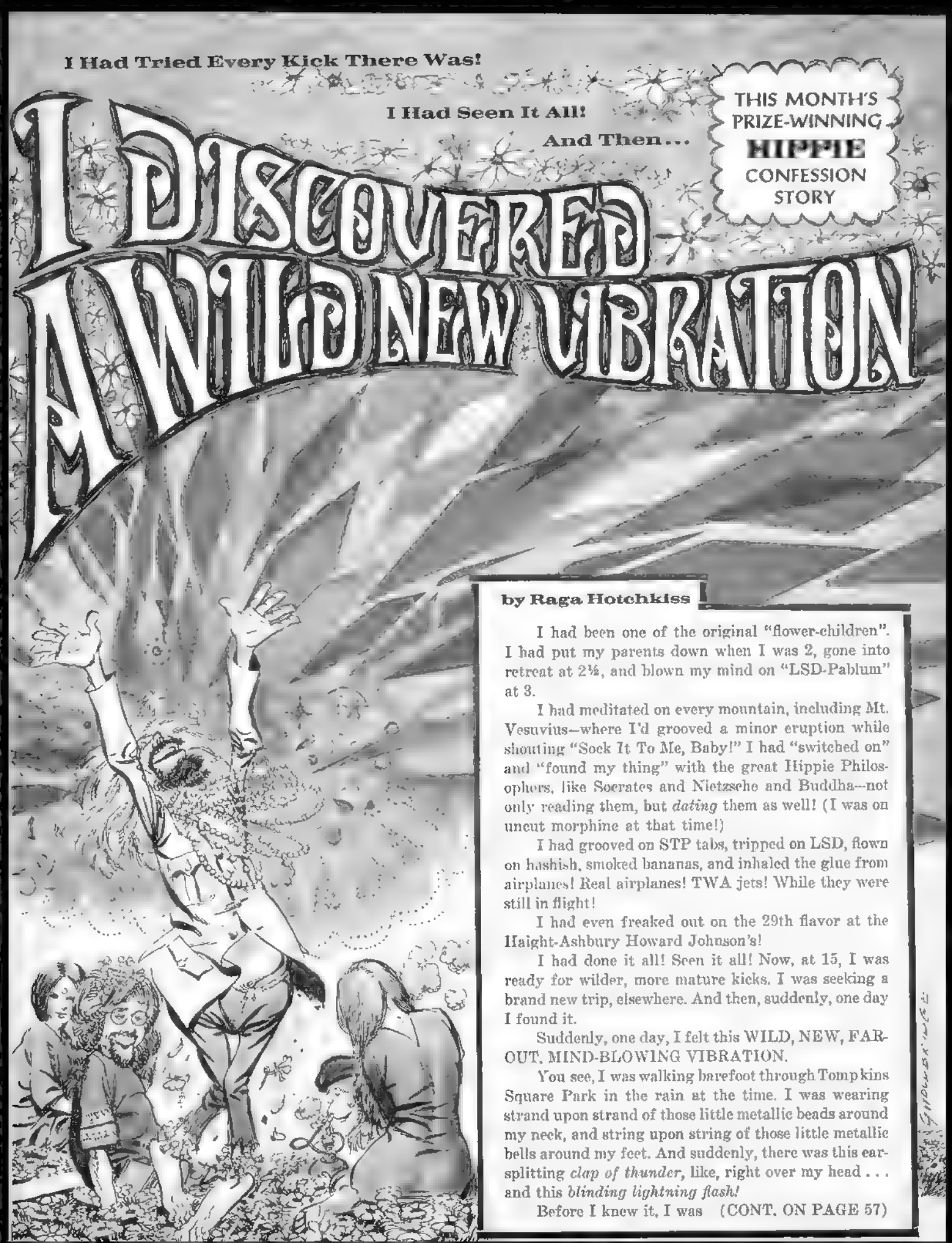
I Had Tried Every Kick There Was!

I Had Seen It All!

And Then...

I Discovered a Wild New Vibration

THIS MONTH'S PRIZE-WINNING **HIPPIE** CONFESSION STORY



by Raga Hotchkiss

I had been one of the original "flower-children". I had put my parents down when I was 2, gone into retreat at 2½, and blown my mind on "LSD-Pablum" at 3.

I had meditated on every mountain, including Mt. Vesuvius—where I'd grooved a minor eruption while shouting "Sock It To Me, Baby!" I had "switched on" and "found my thing" with the great Hippie Philosophers, like Socrates and Nietzsche and Buddha—not only reading them, but *dating* them as well! (I was on uncut morphine at that time!)

I had grooved on STP tabs, tripped on LSD, flown on hashish, smoked bananas, and inhaled the glue from airplanes! Real airplanes! TWA jets! While they were still in flight!

I had even freaked out on the 29th flavor at the Haight-Ashbury Howard Johnson's!

I had done it all! Seen it all! Now, at 15, I was ready for wilder, more mature kicks. I was seeking a brand new trip, elsewhere. And then, suddenly, one day I found it.

Suddenly, one day, I felt this WILD, NEW, FAR-OUT, MIND-BLOWING VIBRATION.

You see, I was walking barefoot through Tompkins Square Park in the rain at the time. I was wearing strand upon strand of those little metallic beads around my neck, and string upon string of those little metallic bells around my feet. And suddenly, there was this ear-splitting *clap of thunder*, like, right over my head . . . and this *blinding lightning flash!*

Before I knew it, I was (CONT. ON PAGE 57)

The Hippie HALL OF SHAME

The Hippies below have been placed on our Dishonor Roll and blacklisted from the following Hippie Communities: The East Village in N. Y., Haight-Ashbury in S. F., Fire Island on L. I., Sunset Blvd. in L. A. and Munchkin Land in Oz. They have turned on to activities detrimental to our movement and should be avoided at all costs. Do not . . . repeat . . . DO NOT feed them or let them sleep in your pad.

MOHAMMAD TISHMAN
Tompkins Square Park

For burning incense at a suburban barbecue lawn party

GAUGAIN GREENSPAN
Greenwich Village

For coming to a love-in with his own date

MANDALA O'TOOLE
Haight-Ashbury

For smoking a cigarette with a brand-name on it

SAROD COWZNOFSKI
Fire Island

For taking an LSD trip and seeing his parents

ZEN RAPPAPORT
Ocean Beach

For being over thirty years of age

ASK ABBA

Advice To The Up Tight

Each issue, Abba Bennadam answers the questions of the uptight, the turned-on, the freaked-out, the hung-up and the far-mished. Abba Bennadam is a Mystic, a Seer, a Prophet, a Poet, a Free-Thinker and an Aluminum Storm Door Salesman. Abba Bennadam is also a very wise man. Because he realizes that you can't make a living as a Mystic, a Seer, a Prophet, a Poet or a Free-Thinker . . . only as an Aluminum Storm Door Salesman.

Dear Abba:

I am planning to take my first mind-expanding "trip". But I have been warned that LSD is habit-forming. Is this true?

Bugged
San Francisco, Cal.

Dear Bugged:

I have been taking mind-expanding LSD trips every day for the past 11 years, and I haven't found it habit-forming

* * *

Dear Abba:

Like, I am hip. Can you help me. I am looking for some wild new vibration. I would prefer something relating to the Far Eastern cults. Do you have any suggestions?

Hopped-Up
St. Louis, Mo.

Dear Hopped-Up:

Try sticking your head between two Chinese gongs.

* * *

Dear Abba:

Enclosed is my picture. I am an Acid-Head living on Fire Island, N. Y. Recently, my Doctor informed me that I was pregnant. I have heard that LSD can affect the chromosomes. Since I take LSD trips regularly, do you think that this may endanger my pregnancy?

Worried
Cherry Grove, N. Y.

Dear Worried:

Ordinarily, no. But in your case, Sir, there may be some complications.

* * *

Dear Abba:

I have tuned in on a wild new emotional trip and I think it's wonderful. Instead of the fleeting, impersonal, violent, unfeeling, dispassionate love many hedonist Hippies turn on to just for kicks, when I make love I try to make it into something beautiful and precious and close. What do you think?

At Peace
Greenwich Village, N. Y.

Dear At Peace:

I think that's disgusting!

* * *

Dear Abba:

I am approaching 30, and I still haven't found God! Man, I'm getting uptight over it! How and where can I find Him?

Rattled
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Rattled:

Don't lose your cool. I'll tell Him you're looking for Him the next time I see Him.

Dear Abba:

Last week, I really took a bad "trip". First I saw my body cut into hundreds of pieces. Then I saw my nose under my lip and one eye missing. Then I saw my skin turn blue, then green, then purple. What was I on?

Freaked-Out
New York City

Dear Freaked-Out:

You were on the second floor of the Museum of Modern Art, and that was a Picasso you were looking at.

* * *

Dear Abba:

I've smoked bananas, morning glory seeds, grapefruit rinds, grass (not pot, but "crab"), melons, prune pits . . .just about anything you can name. Now, some cat tells me I can groove with salmon. I think he's putting me on. So, clue me, Man! Ever, like, smoked salmon?

Hassled
Denver, Colo.

Dear Hassled:

No, but I once dug pickled lox!

* * *

Dear Abba:

Baby, like, I'm woke you copped a plea with the fuzz when they strung you out after turning on to boo and grooving with acid in your pad with this out of sight chick who was tripping on STP but couldn't cool it because she was strapped for bread and lacking the universal oom. So I put you down!

Switched-On
San Francisco, Cal.

Dear Switched-On:

Stop talking like a child!

* * *

Dear Abba:

Our teenage son has run away from our Bleecker Street pad and is now living in a split-level house in suburban Larchmont, where he is taking trips in a 1968 Ford Mustang, dressing in the latest "Mod" fashions, and, worst of all, working for money to pay for these things. Where did we go wrong?

Strung Out
Greenwich Village, N. Y.

Dear Strung-Out:

You wigged out somewhere along the line. If you'd provided him with a normal, dirty, loft environment, shown an interest in his free-love problems, and supplied him with the things he really needed, like hashish and STP pills, perhaps he wouldn't have split the scene for a rebellious life in suburbia.

"UPTIGHT" IS A DRY SUGAR CUBE

by Abu Schulz

READER: IN THE WAY OF EXPLANATION FOR THE NON-HIPPIE

"Uptight" means, like, a bad scene. It's when you're hung up, or wigged out, or you can't make it. We all get "uptight" once in a while. Here are some grooving examples of "uptight":

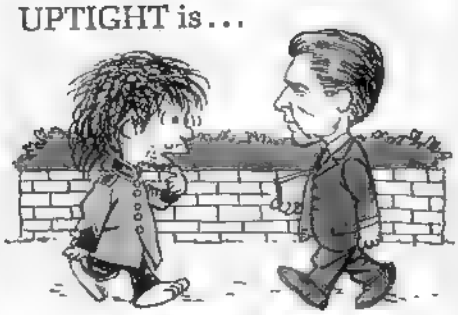
UPTIGHT is . . .

. . . seeing lilies-of-the-valley sprout from the Marijuana seeds you planted.

UPTIGHT is . . .

. . . having the light go out on the "joint" . . . just as it gets to you

UPTIGHT is . . .



. . . walking along the Berkeley campus and bumping into Gov. Ronald Reagan.

UPTIGHT is . . .

. . . looking around and seeing Bert Parks at your "pot" party.

UPTIGHT is . . .

. . . discovering that the flower you've been carrying in your hand for two months is actually poison sumac.

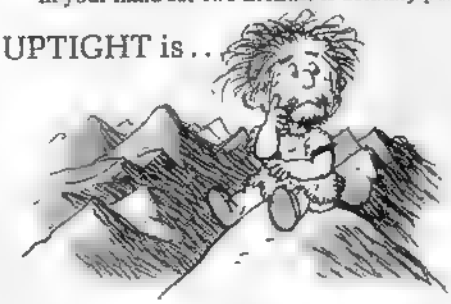
UPTIGHT is . . .

. . . taking an LSD trip and seeing "The Mormon Tabernacle Choir".

UPTIGHT is . . .

. . . finding out that Toledo Ohio *is* ". . . where it's at!"

UPTIGHT is . . .



. . . climbing a mountain in Tibet to meditate, and then forgetting what you went up there for.

UPTIGHT is . . .

. . . saying "Sock it to me, baby!" and then discovering it's Mohammad Ali.

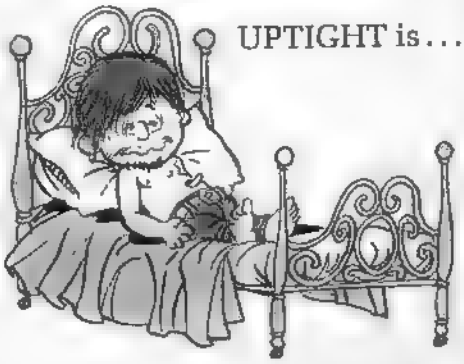
UPTIGHT is . . .

. . . discovering the flowers in your hair attract wasps.

UPTIGHT is . . .

. . . carrying the "papoose" on your back for twenty blocks, and then turning around and discovering there ain't no baby.

UPTIGHT is . . .



. . . contemplating your navel while on LSD, and watching as your appendix starts coming out of it.

WHAT THEY ARE SAYING

Philosophical Gems Overheard In Hippie Communities

Omar Ferdlip

FREE-LANCE HEDONIST

. . . upon his return to the Haight-Ashbury scene after spending fourteen months meditating by himself on the top of Mount Shasta in California:

"Daisies have become the major force in my life!"

Shah Bernbaum

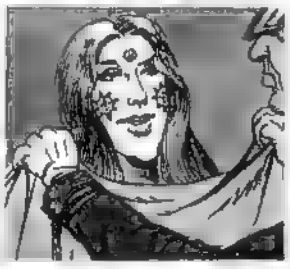
PROFESSIONAL HIPPIE

. . . after being stopped by a tourist who gazed at his shredded Army coat, the garland of petunias in his hair, the filth on his bare feet, the spittle on his lips and the mud in his beard—and then asked him what he was trying to prove, just shrugged and said:

"All I can do is try to be beautiful!"

Samantha Gurney

TOPLESS FREE-VERSE POET



. . . after being discovered living in the third floor bathroom linen closet of the East Village Y.M.C.A., and was asked by cops how come she was there:

"Man, everybody has got to be *someplace!*"

Ecstasy Wainwright

FULL-TIME DROP-OUT FROM LIFE

. . . after being told that his father had just been elected President of a giant corporation with a salary of $175,000-a-year, plus a $100,000 stock-option plan, an unlimited expense account, a luxurious $80,000 home and a new company-owned car:

"Like, that's HIS hang-up!"

Myron The Messiah

PROPHET AND FLUTE REPAIRMAN

. . . asked why he had pelted National Guard Troops with flowers during a riot, and then set fire to himself in protest by leaping barefoot into the steaming hot-fat-vats of a Chicken Delight delivery truck, just smiled:

"Look . . . that just happens to be my *thing!*"

Moses M. Stash

UNEMPLOYED RAGA COMPOSER AND DRIFTER

. . . while passing through a typical square suburban community and seeing a well-groomed teenage boy and a modestly-dressed teenage girl holding hands and gazing at each other while sipping sodas at a corner drug store:

"Lord, what is happening to our youth today?!"

Hippie Happenings

What's Grooving Around Hippie Communities

by Charisma Berkowitz

WHO TELLS IT LIKE IT IS

WILD SIGHTS ABOUT TOWN: SAHIB NESBIT drilling a hole in his cranium. He's looking for a permanent turn-on . . . SINAI BOTCHKINS, at a Hindu "happening", trying to quote the Guru with a mouthful of Hashish . . . SAMANTHA SACKS and DESDEMONA TRESS pelting each other with pussy willows, and breaking out in a rash . . . Hippie cut-up RAMA DOUD, trying for laughs by emptying a sack of Farina on SITAR TWEEDY while shouting "Flour Power!" (He didn't get any!) . . . ANGIE THE OX, SALLY THE SLOB, MURRAY THE UNCLEAN, RIVA THE RAGGED and CHICKIE THE FUZZ among the "Beautiful People" strolling barefoot through the scene.

FURD FLACCID is being consoled by friends after returning from a "bad trip". Not a bad LSD trip. Furd went home to visit his family . . . MADMAN MILLBURN, looking for new kicks, tried injecting alphabet soup in his veins and broke out in four-letter words . . . WILLIE THE WANDERER moved from his loft on Bleecker Street and is now living in a garbage can in Tompkins Square Park. And the best thing is he only has to share it with two other Hippies . . . KORAN CALIBASH finally took a haircut. He had it trimmed right up to his shoulders . . . DRACHMA THE DIGGER has made arrangements for starving N. Y. Hippies to receive food packages from Vietnam War Orphans. Good grooving, Drachma!

DIP YOUR PEN IN ACID, and write to the following shut-ins: JOJO BOTTOMSLEY, recuperating in his pad. JoJo tried to smoke a banana the hard way. While it was still in the Gorilla's mouth! . . . Also to RASHA NASHER, who took a double dose of LSD so he'd be sure to make a "round-trip" . . . Also to BABYJANE FLAUM, who got a hernia carrying the papoose on her back. Seems the baby wasn't in it, but her old man was! . . . Also to the 47 Hippies who were hurt in that terrible crash. Their bed collapsed! . . . Also to MARA, MAJA and SHAH, three local "tripsters" who took LSD together and saw MANNY, MOE and SHEMP—The Three Stooges! Man, what a bad trip!

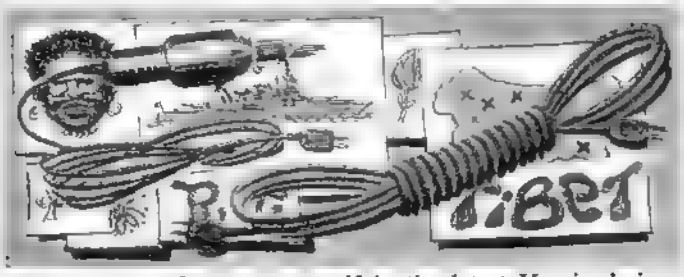
MONK ROSNER, Raga Flute Player is going into retreat to contemplate Robert Goulet . . . NIRVANA NUSSBAUM is planning to run for President on the "Like" ticket. Seems he isn't popular enough yet to run on the "Love" ticket . . . MOGID REILLY is putting the finishing touches on his new book: "How To Live in Haight-Ashbury on $15.00 a Year" . . . Orchids to Raga Rock Composer SCIMITAR BUNNIGER! Not that he's doing such a good job on his music. It's just that he loves to wear them in his hair . . . **ADD TO OUR "LOOK-ALIKES":** NORMA ZILCH, swinging new East Village teeny-bopper runaway from Great Neck, L. I. and ALLEN GINSBERG . . . **RUMOR OF THE MONTH:** Smoking pot will become legal. The hang-up is: getting high will be outlawed!

THE TURNED-ON GIFT GUIDE

For The Hippie Who Has Nothing

You may order any of these items direct from HIPPIE MAGAZINE. There are no prices quoted. Send us as much bread as you can. Not MONEY . . . real bread! Rye, Pumpernickel, anything! From this business, we can starve!

Do-It-Yourself Tattoo Kit

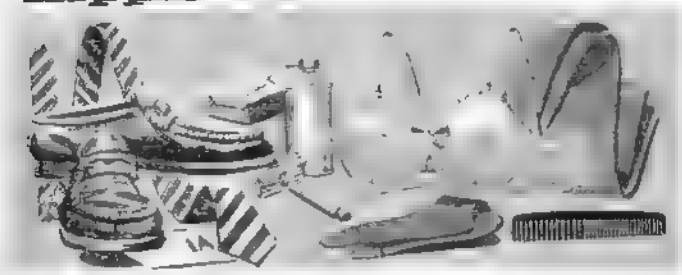


Now you can decorate yourself in the latest Hippie designs —permanently! Comes complete with electric needle, extra-long extension cord (so if you don't have electricity, you can plug it into the lamppost outside your loft), and a huge selection of sample tattoos, including a ¾ view of the Graf Spee, a portrait of a Hottentot Bushman, a full-color map of Tibet showing all of the "meditation mountains", etc.

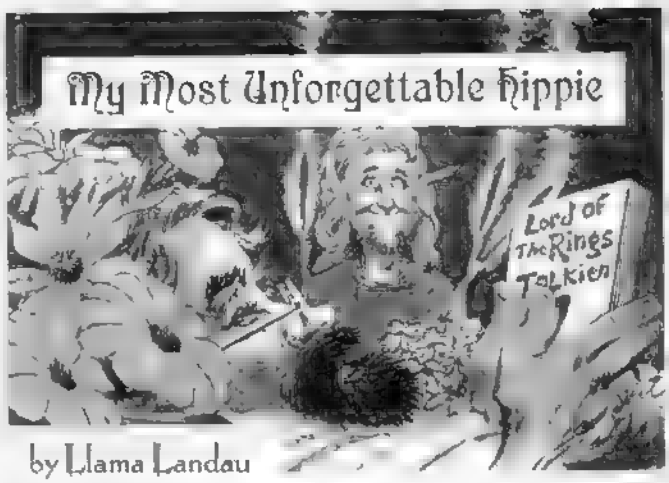
Fashion Accessories

If you want to be one of the "Beautiful People", then this six-piece fashion wardrobe is a "must"! You get a pair of worn sandals, a moth-eaten Army blanket, a string of beads, a garland of artificial flowers, a live bluebird and a box of real dirt. Can be worn everywhere—in your pad, while making the scene, when meditating on a mountain, or while making a police line-up. You'll look absolutely stunning . just like the girls shown modeling the stuff above.

Hippie Collectors Items



For the sentimental Hippie who wants to collect relics of the past. Shoes . . . ties . . . soap . . . bras . . . draft cards . . . combs . . . shaving squipment . . . nylon stockings, etc. We have an unlimited supply of these nostalgic items. They make great gag gifts, planters, ash trays or wall plaques.



by Llama Landau

He was out of sight! He was tuned in on the ultimate vibration! He was turned on to the wildest bag possible! He was the hippiest Hippie! He spiritualized everything the true Hippie stands for . . . peace, love, gentleness and a return to nature. No longer would he pursue the fast buck, or strive for the Madison Avenue concept of happiness, or rot in the suburban-conformist swamp, or support the PTA, or attend the local Church, or kowtow to the Local Draft Board, or participate in Little League. No longer would he suffer the hang-up of the never-ending middle-class drive to produce, produce, produce and succeed, succeed, succeed. He had wigged out on all that!

Instead, he had found true beauty, lasting peace, the inner contentment that all Hippies seek. The true beauty that one enjoys while sitting on a secluded mountain and meditating in the clear, cold wind. The lasting peace that comes after your mind has expanded daily on 500 micrograms of LSD. The inner contentment that comes from eating only pure organic natural foods like liver powder and bone meal and millet.

And as I passed his coffin and gazed down upon his pale, serene face, I realized further that he *(Cont. on page 86)*

Coming In The Next Issue

"I Got Turned On By Soy Sauce!"

A HIPPIE'S TOUR OF CHINATOWN AND HIS ACCIDENTAL DISCOVERY

A Report On Greenwich Village

"BROTHERLY LOVE'S OKAY, BUT THIS PLACE HAS, LIKE, TOO MUCH, BABY!"

"I Was A Flower Girl At My Own Wedding!"

A HIPPIE BRIDE TELLS WHAT IT'S LIKE TO TRIP DOWN THE AISLE

"I Mixed LSD With Chicken Soup And Took A Trip To Israel!"

(WHICH IS A PRETTY NEAT TRICK CONSIDERING I'M NOT EVEN JEWISH!)

"How To Meditate On A High Mountain Without Getting A Nose-Bleed"

The "Do-It-Yourself Project" Of The Issue:

TAKE THE WORRY OUT OF SMOKING BANANAS WITH THE BRAND NEW

Hippie Magazine Banana Filter

18 Startling Photos of "Bad Trips"

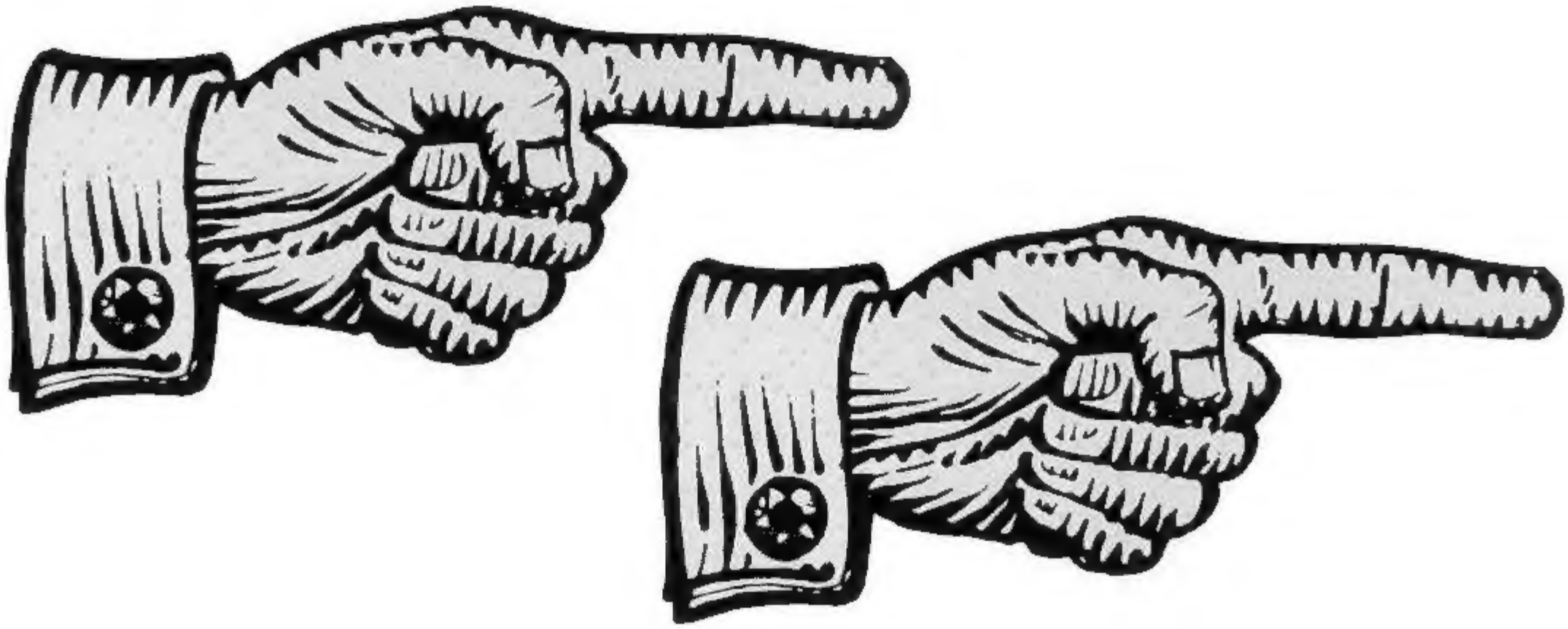
INCLUDING ONE TO PATCHOGUE ON THE LONG ISLAND RAILROAD!

A Hippie's Embarrassing Moment:

"LIKE, HOW I WENT TO SAN FRANCISCO WITH A FLOWER IN MY HAIR . . . AND GOT DANDRUFF ON MY DAFFODIL!"

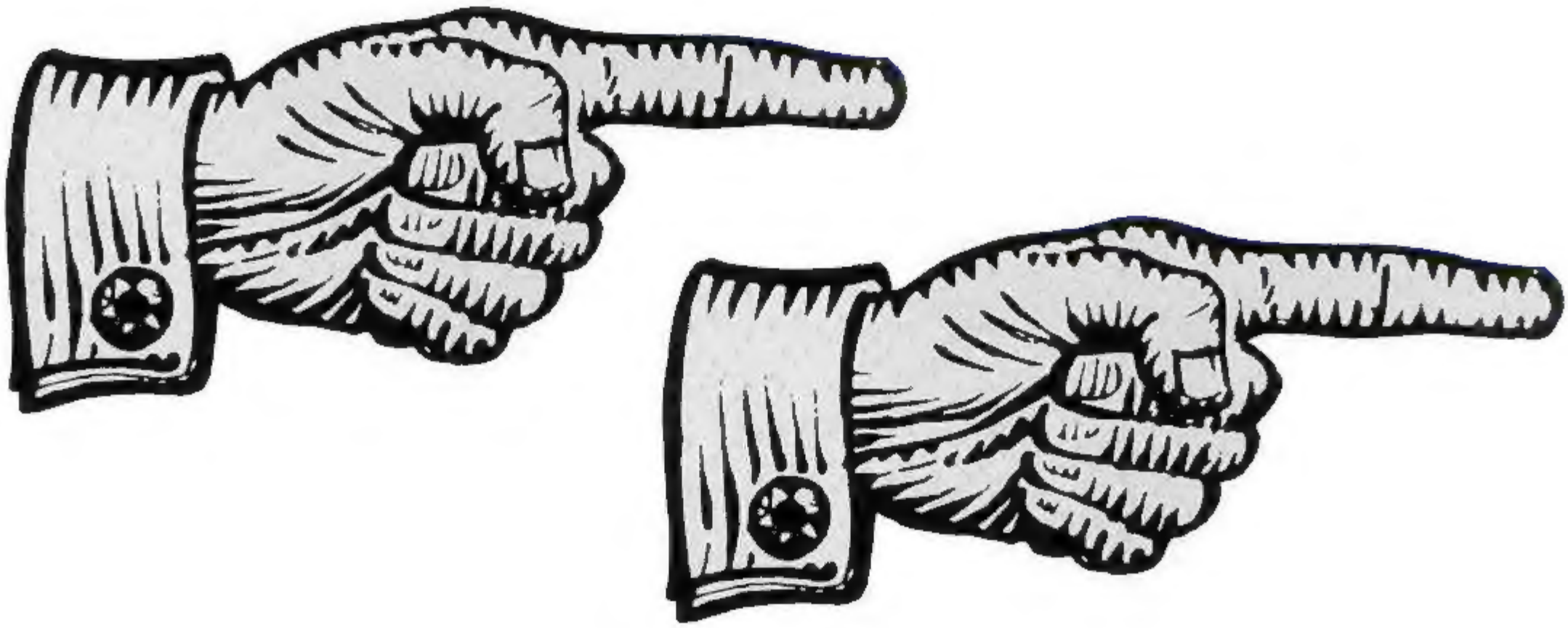
DON MARTIN DEPT. PART II

The New Back-Scratcher



Nothing to see here!

Please skip ahead.



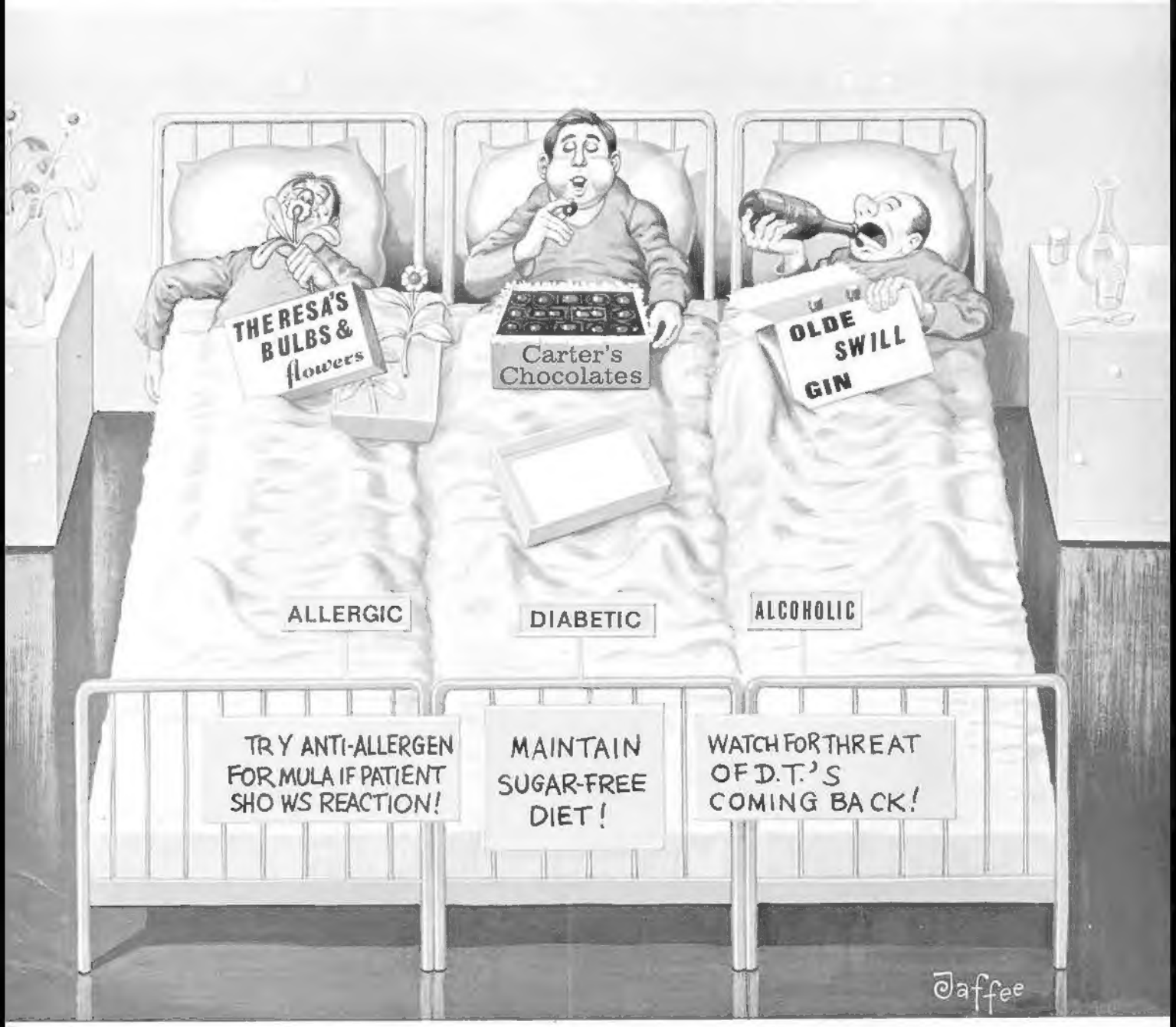
WHAT IS THE WORST THREAT TO RECOVERY HOSPITAL PATIENTS CAN SUFFER?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS

MAD FOLD-IN

With all the excellent care that Hospitals can give, many patients nevertheless suffer serious relapses. Some of the reasons are shown below. But to find out what is the most devastating cause, fold in the page.

A ♦ FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT ♦ B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



ARTIST & WRITER: AL JAFFEE

GET-WELL PRESENT BROUGHT BY A WELL-MEANING FRIEND VISITING THE BED PATIENT CAN BE A SERIOUS THREAT TO RECOVERY IF BAD NEGLECTFUL JUDGEMENT IS USED IN CHOOSING GIFT HE BESTOWS

A ♦ ♦ B

WHAT IS THE WORST THREAT TO RECOVERY HOSPITAL PATIENTS CAN SUFFER?

A ⧓ B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

GETTING THE BAD NEWS

A ⧓ B

MAD'S
Great Moments In Industry

Photography by Irving Schild

THE TOBACCO COMPANIES GO TO EVEN GREATER LENGTHS...WITH...

The 100 mm AND LONGER Cigarette